

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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*UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY*

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes  
In which is combined and consolidated  
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.  
Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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## CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
THE TURN OF THE WHEEL	Short Story
Anna S. Ells	
THE USEFUL EUCALYPTUS	Short Article
C. B. Irvine	
EDITORIAL	
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER	5, 8, 9 & 20
COMFORT'S SISTERS' RECIPES	5
THE ROLLING STONE	Short Story
Hansburg Liebe	
A FAMINE IN DYES THREATENED BY WAR	Short Article C. L. Chapman
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS	Conducted by Uncle Charlie
THE COUNTRY WOMAN'S VACATION	7, 10, 14 & 17
Short Article Mrs. Ira Jepson	
MY BABY HAS SPAIMS	Short Article Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg
HOW MODERN HOUSEHOLD CONVENiences PAY	Short Article Mary Hamilton Talbot
ON THE MOVEMENT FOR NATION-WIDE PROHIBITION	Short Article
MODERN FARMER	
IN AND AROUND THE HOME	Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson
THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER	Two-Part Story (concluded) W. S. Birge, M. D.
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS	Geneva Gladding
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN	Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur
EDNA'S SECRET MARRIAGE	(continued) Charles Garvice
VETERINARY INFORMATION	
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB	Conducted by Katherine Booth
A THORN AMONG ROSES	(continued) Mrs. Georgie Sheldon
INFORMATION BUREAU	19 & 21
HOME LAWYER	19
FAMILY DOCTOR	20
FOUR WHEEL CHAIRS IN JUNE	21
MANNERS AND LOOKS	22
TALKS WITH GIRLS	22

## Crumbs of Comfort

He that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.

Praise makes good men better and bad men worse.

Travel makes a wise man better and a fool worse.

The great and the small have need of one another.

In jealousy there is usually more self-love than love.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

Better fare hard with the good than feast with the bad.

God could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers.

He has but sorry food that feeds upon the faults of others.

An envious person waxes lean on the fatness of his neighbor.

The hog never looks up to him who threshes down the acorns.

The sky is not less blue because the blind man cannot see it.

The disposition to do a bad deed is worse than the bad deed.

The past gives us regret, the present sorrow, and the future fear.

An idle man in a community is more dangerous to it than a thief.

Politeness is as natural to refined natures as perfume is to flowers.

A baby is an angel whose wings grow shorter as its legs grow longer.

What we have in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice.

Contentment is the philosopher's stone which turns all it touches into gold.

It is easier to make money like a knave than to spend it like a gentleman.

War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.

## The Turn of the Wheel

By Anna S. Ells

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**S**UDDENLY the music ceased for her. She sat very erect, gazing over the sea of heads at the opposite box. Could it be her husband who was sitting there with an unknown woman of surpassing beauty beside him? Only as the queenly head moved could she catch a glimpse of the handsome face of the man beyond.

Forgetting her own prominence, she leaned forward, every nerve tense. The woman moved with her eyes; she caught her breath, and leaned back. It was not her husband.

Again she heard the call of the violin, the sob of the cello, but thought was intent on the past.

"Another turn of the wheel." That was what Tracy had said that evening when she came down to dinner dressed for the theater, and his face had looked sad and far away as he said it. She had wondered what he meant.

Again the music thrilled her, and remembrance slipped aside; but when, during the next intermission, she again caught a glimpse of the unknown man, it returned. She wondered what Tracy was really doing. What did he do on many evenings when he absented himself from her gay gatherings?

"I am going to run down to the office for a little while."

It was always the same explanation. Now what did "office" stand for? Business was all right; even Tracy owned that. She was of this world, and knew that "office" and "business" could cover many things, but Tracy—dear old dignified, honest Tracy—she could not believe that he had followed the light footsteps of the many. Still—

The play was good. She watched the honest man turn into a rogue, the happy bride grow sad and watchful, the giddy lovers with their amusing courtship—and through it all ran the persistent query, "What is Tracy really doing tonight?"

Not realizing that she had formed any resolution, she rose, whispered a word to her sister who shared the box, and slipped out into the deserted foyer, got her wrap and, still half dazed, left the theater. Out in the sweet night air, her mind cleared. She knew what she intended doing. No, she did not want her car; when the play was over, send it home. She hailed a taxi and gave a down-town address. This reached, she dismissed the taxi, and looked around. How strange it all looked in the brilliant, artificial light. For a moment she was puzzled, then turned to the left. She remembered now, although many months had passed since she had been there. Around that corner, five doors to the right, and she entered the huge office building. How well she remembered going through the small side door and up the back elevators one evening with Tracy when they were going somewhere together. He had forgotten something, and she had thought it such fun to go with him to his office en route. Going together! Ah yes, but that was long ago. She was going alone now to see if Tracy really spent long, lonely evenings in his office, and if so why.

She thought the elevator boy looked at her oddly as she asked for Tracy's floor. Suddenly she remembered her rich evening gown, and drew her cloak closer. The boy looked at her and actually grinned in a friendly, "I understand" way. She stiffened, and asked with considerable emphasis, correctly placed, "Is my husband in his office tonight?" "Sure thing," replied the knowing one. "He pegs away there most nights, but you're the first wife ever asked for him."

She laid her gloved hand against the door; silently it swung open to her touch. At an old-fashioned, spindle-legged table sat her husband in a worn Morris chair. On the table was an old style, big-bowled lamp with a green shade, although the electrics overhead lighted the room. He wore a shabby house coat, and frayed slippers; he smoked a well-colored pipe. A geranium and a heliotrope blossomed at the window; an old pointer dog lay curled on the gay rug at his feet. On the walls were old-time pictures, and on the table beside him was a picture of their one child, the boy who had died five years ago. How well she remembered scoffing at the shabby ensemble of what had been his mother's room, and declaring the house too small to store them longer. She had sold them to a dealer in old furniture; how did they come to be here?

The dog raised an inquiring nose. Quickly she closed the door and retreated through the dim offices, down the long hall, home.

She knew now where Tracy spent his evenings, but "Another turn of the wheel?" in a flash came the answer: "That separates your life and mine." For long hours she sought the solution to the problem. How she tested the old, worn-out furniture that meant so much to him; how he detested the pomp and glitter she loved.

She shivered at the thought of long evenings spent in silent contemplation of each other and a book; he loathed the gay parties and theaters, the dinners and dances that made life worth living for her. Worth living! Was life worth living if Tracy's life were separated from hers. "The turn of the wheel!" He realized then that they were drifting apart. Why, drifting apart—she and Tracy? Losing Tracy! It would be like losing the rudder of her life boat. Society was fun, great fun, but Tracy was everything. She could look out at the world with Tracy, but without him? A feeling of fear stole over her. Oh, it must not be; Tracy must not drift away from her. "The turn of the wheel?" Well, usually a wheel could turn both ways.

Two weeks later Tracy Dent returned to the city from a business trip into the far West. He missed the thrill of expectation as he neared home. He had not wired the hour of his arrival; what was the use? Probably Marcia was receiving or being received. Involuntarily he sighed.

He did not hasten home. He went to his office first, and business attended to, started to enter the room beyond. But no; he would come back in the evening. He would tell old John to bring the dog over as usual. This was the only real home he had; his warmest welcome would be from his old pointer dog. He had little aside from the bills to remind him that he was not still a bachelor. Still, there was the picture of the boy, and his memory. He wondered if the boy had lived—

"I have been doing a little refurbishing while

## SEVEN GOOD STORIES

all complete in

### Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT

will make our August number an intellectual treat to all who appreciate and enjoy good, bright, clean fiction that touches the heart, stirs the emotions and lifts the thoughts and aspirations out of the dull routine of humdrum life.

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"HER MOMENT." In every life there is a supreme moment on the turn of which hangs destiny. This thrilling story tells the rash adventure by which a girl, who had scorned her, retrieved her in the eyes of her lover.

"THE FATE OF THE FLEUR-DE-LIS." a pretty story that tells the hard struggle of the ambitious girl who had her own way to make and the remarkable incident that shaped her career.

"ROSEMARY," the forlorn little cherub whose search for heaven discovered an earthly paradise with a flesh-and-blood angel in it that needed only love for her glorification.

"BETTER THAN A FAIRY," a human interest story founded on mother love that goes to the heart of the reader.

"HER VACATION AMUSEMENT" tells the havoc of hearts wrought by the city girl who flirted for her amusement during her summer vacation in the country.

"THE WHITE ROSE," a charming little romance that tells how Cupid handled a delicate and difficult situation through the language of flowers.

"WAL FRESCO.—A Mid-Summer Night Fantasy," written in Joseph F. Novak's best style, carries the reader through a wild flight of imagination to the surprising consequences of the hero's airy dance with the mysterious "Moon Lady." With startling title page illustration.

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# EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

## "Made in U. S. A."

**W**HEN celebrating this, the one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the political independence of the United States, let us bear in mind that our country, great as it has grown, has never attained industrial independence and is still wofully distant from that goal, as has been demonstrated to our cost by the conditions suddenly thrust upon us by the present European war.

Although our country possesses the greatest natural resources in the world and has become one of the largest manufacturing nations and an extensive exporter of manufactures, our industrial and commercial development has been so specialized that we are absolutely dependent on foreign lands for very many necessary raw materials and finished products which we could and should produce for ourselves.

With the report of the opening shot last summer the prices of foreign-made goods in our markets jumped, some a hundred and others two to five hundred per cent, in anticipation of the supply being curtailed or cut off by the havoc and turmoil incident to war. The list comprises drugs, necessary for medicinal purposes, and paints, oils, dyes, chemicals and a host of other materials indispensable to the operation of many of our important industries which have been embarrassed by the increased cost and now face a shortage of these commodities likely to cripple, or even suspend their activities.

For instance, American cotton, woolen and silk manufacturers depend on Europe for their dyes; the war has stopped importation and it is estimated that the present stock of dyes in this country will be exhausted by the first of August. The prospect of being able to run their mills beyond that date depends on the sudden ending of the war, of which there is no present indication, or on the success of the efforts of certain enterprising Americans who have recently undertaken to make dyes here.

Numerous other American industries are similarly, if not so acutely, handicapped by a shortage of material for the supply of which they rely on Europe.

The American manufacturers of cameras and optical goods have heretofore imported their lenses, but since the war has cut off the foreign supply, they have been forced to begin making lenses here.

The losses to our industries and commerce through the practical embargo of the war have been severe, but they will be compensated many times over by the incalculable benefit that will accrue to the entire country in the immediate future and through all time by the establishment, under pressure of present necessity, of a legion of new industries to make here the great variety of products for which we have hitherto depended on Europe and paid hundreds of millions of dollars annually to foreign labor and foreign capitalists.

These vast sums will be kept at home and paid to our own people instead of going abroad. The new industries will extend the field of employment for American labor and of investment for American capital, enlarge the home market for our agricultural and industrial products, stimulate trade and promote prosperity generally, and carry the nation a long way on the road to industrial and commercial independence which is essential to its welfare.

While seeking foreign markets for their wares American manufacturers should not forget that their home market is the largest and best in the world and must not be neglected in the smallest detail. Their best hope of successfully competing abroad depends on their ability to fully satisfy the demands of the home market. The finished product of one industry becomes the raw material of another, as we have instanced with dyes in the textile industry and lenses for making cameras and optical goods. Nearly every industry is dependent on one or more others for its raw material or for a market for its finished product; each is a link in an endless chain the breaking of which affects all more or less disastrously. So far as we are dependent on the products of foreign countries our industrial and commercial prosperity is precarious and subject to depressing influences beyond our control. It behoves our manufacturers to see to it that every article that possibly can shall be produced in the United States; and in this they should have the encouragement of the government and the help of the people.

"Made in U. S. A" is the slogan of a movement which has many followers and is growing rapidly. It means patronize home industry and keep the money that you spend in circulation in this country instead of sending it abroad through buying im-

ported goods. Every man, woman and child in the United States should understand that it is a patriotic duty, as well as serving self interest, to help sustain this movement by always giving American-made goods the preference.

## Dual Allegiance Incompatible with American Citizenship

**T**HE hostile attitude of a large element of our foreign-born citizens toward our government, as manifested by their disloyal utterances relative to certain issues arising out of the European war, is a matter of such grave concern that it has called forth a public rebuke from President Wilson. He reminded them that, having voluntarily become American citizens, they owe allegiance to the United States even as against the interests of their native countries.

Allegiance is the obligation of fidelity and obedience that an individual owes his government, in return for the protection he receives. Allegiance goes with citizenship. The laws of the United States do not permit dual citizenship or dual allegiance; a person who claims citizenship in any other country or acknowledges allegiance to any other government cannot at the same time be a citizen of the United States. By our naturalization law immigrants from foreign lands who come to this country to remain as permanent residents, after residing here a certain length of time, are permitted to become American citizens, but as a part of the naturalization proceedings they have to go into court and take a solemn oath of allegiance to the United States and swear that they forever renounce all allegiance, duty and obligation to every other government and especially renounce their allegiance to the government of their native land.

Recent developments have disclosed the astonishing and alarming fact that, despite the obligation of their oaths, many naturalized citizens who came from certain of the countries now engaged in war, while remaining here and claiming and exercising the rights of American citizenship make open boast of their allegiance to their native country and are disloyal to our government with respect to its efforts to protect its rights and those of our citizens.

This goes to show, what COMFORT has often asserted, that our immigration and naturalization laws are too lax and need to be reformed so to exclude undesirable aliens not only from citizenship but also from the country. We have no prejudice against foreigners as foreigners or as naturalized citizens; many of our best citizens are foreign-born; it is only the undesirables that we object to. We have too many native-born undesirables, but we cannot get rid of them; they are an unavoidable evil, here to stay, which makes it the more imperative to take care that that element shall not be increased by troublesome accessions from abroad.

We welcome the sober, industrious European emigrant seeking a home in America with the honest intention of remaining here permanently and becoming a loyal American citizen, and we want no other kind. We object to the admission into this country of Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatics because their civilization and racial characteristics are so different from those of our people that they do not mix well with us, but continuing their own peculiar ways of life, remain always a strange people with strange gods, and disdaining our institutions, they set up laws of their own in defiance of our laws, and lastly they always preserve their allegiance to the land of their birth, which is enough to prove them hopelessly unfit material for American citizenship.

On the same principle even the most highly civilized and intelligent emigrant from Europe, if he comes here with the intention of remaining an alien among us, selfishly absorbing what he can from the advantages which our country affords without identifying himself with its destiny, is undesirable, and worse yet if he also takes on American citizenship to exercise its privileges unpatriotically for his personal benefit or in the interest of his native country to which he still gives his allegiance in violation of his oath and duty as a citizen.

No country can safely tolerate among its population, much less among its citizens, any considerable element whose allegiance is doubtful or whose loyalty cannot be depended on under all circumstances and in every crisis.

Of our population thirteen millions were born in Europe, most of them in the ten countries now engaged in the great war which our government is try-

ing to keep out of by maintaining a course. If all these people were as disinterested in the United States and as partizan in their activities in favor of the interests of the country from which they emigrated as some are, we should have bitter strife and turmoil at home and could hardly avoid being drawn into the awful conflict that is devastating Europe.

We expect our foreign-born citizens to cherish an affection for the land of their birth and to be properly interested in its welfare, but as they have left voluntarily and come here to enjoy the better conditions that prevail in America they must recognize that, for their own good as well as for the general welfare, they owe undivided allegiance and loyalty to the land of their adoption—our country which is also theirs.

## Cause of Secretary of State Bryan's Sudden Resignation

**T**HE unexpected announcement, on June eighth, of the sudden resignation of Secretary of State Bryan aroused world-wide interest because of the great question of foreign policy that caused his withdrawal from the Cabinet.

It resulted from a disagreement between Mr. Bryan and President Wilson as to the terms of the diplomatic note which our government was preparing to send to the German government demanding indemnity for the destruction of the lives of more than a hundred American citizens through the persistent sinking, by German submarines, of merchant ships of the United States and other nations while engaged in peaceful commerce on the high seas.

Stated briefly, the point of difference was that Mr. Bryan insisted on the adoption of his peace-at-any-price policy, even at the sacrifice of our national honor, while the President and the other members of the Cabinet stood firm for peace with honor and the rights of our government and protection of the lives of our peaceful citizens.

It would require a large volume to detail the development of the situation but this is the sum and essential substance of it.

Last February, in reply to Germany's proclamation that ships of commerce traversing any part of a large expanse of ocean surrounding the British Isles would be subject to attack by German submarine torpedo boats, our government protested against such threatened action as an inhuman, unlawful and unprecedented method of warfare, and gave notice that if the practise should result in the destruction of the lives or property of American citizens the German government would be held responsible and the United States would take such action as might be necessary to protect the rights of our citizens on the seas.

Since then the German submarines have made a practise of sinking the peaceful ships of all nations indiscriminately, including the United States; whereby more than a hundred American citizens, including many women and children, have been wantonly and cruelly killed within the last few weeks. President Wilson and the rest of his Cabinet insisted on sending the German government a polite but firm demand for payment of indemnity for this, and for a guarantee that the practise would not be repeated. This was the demand to which Mr. Bryan objected on the ground that, although it contained no threat or hint of war, he feared it might possibly lead to war, and therefore he resigned. Mr. Bryan agrees with President Wilson that Germany's action in this matter has been inhuman and cannot be justified; he agrees that our government is right in its claims, but objects to demanding our rights for fear it may possibly lead to war.

The press and the people in all sections are almost unanimous in their expression of enthusiastic approval of the President's course in this matter.

The course that Mr. Bryan urged quite likely might lead to war, for it would permit Germany to continue the inhuman slaughter of innocent American citizens until our people would rise and force our government to declare war, as they did when the Maine was blown up.

The firm stand of the President sustained by a solid Cabinet and a united people will convince Germany that it is unwise to go too far in violating the rights of our government and its citizens—and so we shall have peace with honor, and our rights respected.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

# Album of Bargains and Opportunities

Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



Fastest Sel-  
-earth. Permanent,  
for \$50 to \$75 a  
eltnan, 631 Third St.,

Wool Hose Free. State size  
in line direct from mill. Good  
is wanted. Write today. Triple-  
Dept. G, 730 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Giant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati,  
greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth.  
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Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods  
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demand, 100% profit. \$6 to \$12 a day easy. Big  
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Agents—\$25 a week for two hours' work a  
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Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper  
Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt ship-  
ments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days  
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Agents—\$1,000 to \$3,000 yearly selling over  
eighty every day articles to farmers. Perma-  
nent business. Big Chance. Write quick.  
Dept. 40, Duoform Company, North Java, N.Y.

Wanted: Men and women to introduce our  
fine line of popular priced Coffees, Teas, Bak-  
ing Powder, Etc. Valuable and useful pre-  
miums free. No experience or money neces-  
sary. Exclusive territory. No traveling. We  
pay well for your services. Employment per-  
manent. Write for our proposition. The Great  
Eastern Coffee & Tea Co., Department 38,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Wanted: High class man to sell trees,  
shrubs, roses, vines, berry bushes, bulbs, etc.  
Good wages—Permanent. Exclusive territory.  
Brown Brothers Nurseries, Rochester, New  
York.

Honest Agents, Boys, Girls, easy money  
made in spare time. Credit. Write to Henry J.  
Yonge Co., 147 Clifford St., Detroit, Mich.

\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange in-  
vention starts world—Agents amazed. Ten  
inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a  
farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schlesinger, a  
minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash,  
paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days;  
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bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50.  
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Agents! "Ivoreola" is a boon to pianists.  
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Don't Be An Agent—Own Your Own  
Business. We furnish complete, practical, Low  
Price outfit for plating in Gold, Silver, Copper,  
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operating our "New System Candy Factories;"  
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required. Samples and instructions free. The  
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easy. Send for our catalog of 400 other spe-  
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Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays  
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Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

## Teutons' Faith in An Old Legend

By C. L. Chapman

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Out of the past comes a legend a thou-  
sand years old to claim the attention of the  
Germans throughout the world.

The tradition, devoutly believed by  
all Tentons, had its inception after the  
death of the emperor Frederick Barbarossa  
in the holy land.

It is felt that now in Germany's  
great need, Barbarossa, by many con-  
sidered the greatest military ruler the  
Germans ever had, will rise from his  
tomb in some fabled castle in the Black  
Forest and lead them out of their diffi-  
culties.

Frederick Barbarossa was the son of  
Frederick, Duke of Swabia and was born in  
1121. On the death of his uncle, Con-  
rad III, Frederick was crowned at Aix-  
la-Chapelle. His earliest dream was the  
subjugation of Italy and so shortly after  
receiving the imperial crown, he began the  
invasion of that country. To more  
fully impress the people of his success-  
he had himself crowned at Pavia in 1155,  
with the famous iron crown of Lombardy.  
Then pressing on to Rome he had him-  
self crowned again by Pope Adrian IV.

Thus, early in his reign he had gone  
far toward reducing the provinces of  
Italy. But no sooner had he returned to  
Germany, than the people began to re-  
volt, so Frederick hurried back to sub-  
due them afresh. But pestilence came,  
and taking advantage of Barbarossa's  
weakened army, he was driven north of  
the Danube. But recruiting another  
army, Barbarossa again invaded Italy,  
meting however, with great defeat.

Then came the turn in his life. Repen-  
tant for so much that he had done  
against the papal seat, Barbarossa took  
the cross and raising an army of 150,000  
paladins, set out for the Holy Land.  
Meeting the Grecian emperor, he over-  
came him in a great battle.

Then he met the king of Syria and  
overcame him.

Then he succeeded in subduing numer-  
ous wild tribes until his followers felt  
confident that having won so far into  
Palestine, it would be possible to take  
the Holy City itself from the Saracens.

Barbarossa was now in the land of  
Alexander the Great, and the people  
were greatly incensed at the successes  
of the invader, so that he was obliged to  
fight very hard to hold his position.

On the banks of a rushing river, the  
Kalkadun in Syria, he met the enemy  
in a terrible battle and while trying to  
ford the river, he pressed his charger  
into the flood and attempted to swim but  
the current was too swift and Barbarossa,  
an old man, was drowned.

His fame had now become so great that  
the people declined to believe the report  
of his death. Pilgrims returning to the  
fatherland told of it, but still the people  
refused to believe. The more reliable  
reports of his death brought by men who  
fought with him were disbelieved, for it  
seemed impossible that so great a ruler  
could be gone. Famed throughout the  
dominion for his justice to the common  
people he was their beloved emperor.  
So, out of their devotion to their  
idol, they formed the basis of the legend  
which has been handed down from one  
generation to another.

Barbarossa was not dead, but sleeping,  
they said. Weary of conquering, he had  
retired to a secret castle in the Black  
Forest of Silesia, and had laid himself  
down on a catafalque, which night and  
day, year in and year out, century in and  
century out, was to be guarded by dwarfs  
and elves. There he was to rest until the  
hour of Germany's greatest need should  
arrive. Then at a touch from the wand

of the king of elves, Barbarossa would  
rise and sally forth at the head of a  
ghostly troop to lead the Germans to  
the greatest victory of their history and  
to enduring liberty and national su-  
premacy.

The first sign of his coming would be  
the glow of his flaming red beard over  
the land, they said.

Those of the German people who have  
a strain of Slavic blood in their veins  
have the strongest faith in this legend.  
The peasantry of Austria and Hungary  
believe the tradition implicitly and at-  
tribute to Barbarossa all the weird wisdom  
that only a Slavic people can con-  
ceive.

It is said that the more ignorant  
peasantry look for the coming of Bar-  
barossa in person, but the more enlightened,  
will see in any great Military leader  
who may lead the armies of the empire  
to successful victories, the reincarnation  
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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this and we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have compiled with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**T**HE well-dressed woman is not always the one who has a well-filled pocket-book and wardrobe at her command, but in nine cases out of ten, the woman who is limited to a certain amount of money but who spends that judiciously and takes care of her clothes. Therein lies the whole secret. The most expensive suit will look shabby and ordinary if not taken care of. This applies to our every-day suits and dresses which should be shaken, preferably in the open air, and brushed before hanging up. The coat should be placed on a coat hanger before being brushed as the weight is then properly distributed and the coat is not stretched out of proportion. Brush the skirt by holding it by the waist and brushing down in long strokes.

Hats should always be thoroughly brushed before being put away, not forgetting the ribbon and flowers.

Perhaps of most importance, and certainly what is most quickly noticed, is the care or lack of care given shoes. The effect of an otherwise perfect costume is spoiled by neglected footwear. Lasting trees are not as expensive as at one time and should be regarded as a necessity rather than a luxury for a shoe that is properly "treed" will wear a longer time and look better than one that is not.

The woman who pays attention to detail, makes bags of muslin, or similar material, large enough to slip over a hanger and hold light colored dresses that would otherwise fade or become soiled.

There are many other ideas that will suggest themselves to the woman who wants to look her best—and who does not?—and she will benefit the other sisters by sending them in.—Ed.

CAMDEN, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and have always enjoyed the Sisters' Corner most of all, although I read it from cover to cover and think it all good.

If the majority of voters had the high ideals and good principles that Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie possess, we would have better times, in various ways all over our United States.

We all love Uncle Charlie for the sunshine and happiness he brings to the poor shut-ins. He is always pleading for help for poor helpless people, when he never asks, or expects anything for himself, and I doubt if anyone suffers more than he does.

I suggest that COMFORT sisters give him a "silver shower" on his birthday, which comes Sept. 25, to show him our appreciation of his noble, unselfish work. How glad we would all be to know he had received as much as some of the shut-ins do. I am sure he would tell us all about it in COMFORT. Don't forget it please.

This is my first visit among COMFORT sisters and I hope I will receive a welcome and can give some help that will benefit someone.

I am a farmer's wife and have lived on the farm all my life. I am sure I could not be contented in the city, with no fruit garden or chickens. He is always pleased for help for poor helpless people, when he never asks, or expects anything for himself, and I doubt if anyone suffers more than he does.

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This is my first visit among COMFORT sisters and I hope I will receive a welcome and can give some help that will benefit someone.

Visitors who come here from the wealthier states, say we have more good things to eat than they do but they can't see where it comes from.

Now comes my appeal. My mother is eighty-five years of age and is very feeble. She lives with her youngest son and his wife and they live in the country with but few near neighbors, consequently she gets very lonely. She has not been away from home in several years. Now, for a surprise on her birthday, which comes August 20th, I want to ask the COMFORT band of readers to give her a card and letter shower on that day. There is nothing that would give her more pleasure than to receive a lot of bright, cheerful letters and cards from far and near. I have a number of relatives scattered over several different states whom she has not heard from in years. Should any of them chance to see this please write to her. Her address is Mrs. Lydia Presson, Camden, R. R. 2, Tenn. All her relatives who can will be at her home on her birthday and give her a birthday dinner and in the afternoon we intend to have her photograph taken with my oldest daughter and her daughter and granddaughter and myself, so you see there will be five generations in the picture and all grown and married but one—the little great great granddaughter. Mother reared a family of six children, all boys except myself and I am the only one who can visit her often. I live within two miles of her and try to go to see her every week. She has been a member of the M. E. church since she was a young girl.

With love to all,

Mrs. N. A. McKELEVY, Camden, R. R. 1, Tenn.

Mrs. McKelevy. Your suggestion of a "silver shower" for Uncle Charlie on his birthday voices the sentiments of many COMFORT readers. Each summer Mr. Gannett receives numerous letters urging him to request, through COMFORT, contributions for a birthday present to Uncle Charlie. Mr. Gannett rejects all such proposals, because Uncle Charlie asks nothing for himself except what he earns by the work of his brain and pen and from the sale of his books, and will not permit anybody to solicit donations for him. However, very many of his admiring friends write him

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

## Comfort's Sisters' Recipes

WASHINGTON CREAM PIE.—Two tablespoons butter, one egg, one cup milk, one half teaspoon vanilla, one cup sugar, one and one half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add egg beaten; mix well and beat; add milk and flour alternately. Bake in two layers.

FILLING.—One cup milk, one half cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoon flour moistened in a little milk. Heat milk in a double boiler, add flour; beat sugar and egg until light and add. Mix well and cook fifteen minutes. Cool and spread between layers.

MRS. CHARLES E. PARKS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

BLACKBERRIES AND CREAM.—Simmer together a pint of ripe blackberries and a pint of water. Do not stir. The berries should be tender in ten minutes. Mix four tablespoons of corn-starch with a little cold water and



BLACKBERRIES AND CREAM.

stir in carefully, being careful not to break the fruit; add one half cup sugar and when cool pour into a glass dish. Serve ice cold with whipped cream. This is an economical dessert and pleasing to the eye as well as taste.

GINGER PUDDING.—One cup sugar, one cup flour, one cup shortening, one tablespoon ground ginger, and a pinch of salt. Mix all together dry. Boil or steam two hours. Could double this recipe if desired and cook three hours. Serve with maple syrup or any other syrup liked. Cover tight when cooking. Good tin pall serves the purpose.

HOME-MADE BREAD PUDDINGS.—Grate stale bread, after drying it thoroughly. To three tablespoons of the bread add one pint of cold milk, three eggs beaten with four tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of coconut, one half teaspoon of vanilla. Soak ten minutes, then fill cups nearly full, stand in a pan of boiling water and set in moderate oven until the pudding is firm in the center. Five minutes before removing draw the pan toward the front of the oven and spread grated sweet chocolate over the tops; then leave in the oven until the chocolate melts. Let the puddings become cool, but not cold, before serving.

MISS E. CARTER, 442 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BAKED BANANA.—Peel the bananas, cut lengthwise into halves, place in a baking pan, sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice and bake in a hot oven ten minutes.—Ed.

CREAM PIE.—Dissolve one heaping tablespoon of corn-starch in a little cold milk, and add to one pint of boiling milk. Beat together one egg, a pinch of salt, two tablespoons sugar, and stir into the boiling milk; take the milk off the stove and, stirring briskly, place on the stove again and let boil until thick and smooth. Flavor as desired. When cold pour into a crust which has been baked in a deep tin. Use only one crust. This is a cheap and good pie.

MRS. JOHN BRYANT, Bluefield, W. Va.

BERRY DESSERT.—Make a rich biscuit dough of two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one cup sour milk, pinch soda, one half cup sugar, half cup butter, one and one half cup berries, any kind. Dough should be quite soft. Bake in muffin tins and serve with whipped egg and cream for sauce, flavored if desired.

Eggs SURPRISE.—Take out the peaches from a can and add to one pint of the peach syrup, the juice of one lemon and one half cup sugar, heat; dissolve two level tablespoons gelatin in one half cup cold water and turn into the hot juice, stirring until dissolved. Take out one half cup and cool remainder. Beat whites of three eggs until quite stiff, and when the syrup begins to thicken, beat it into the whites until thick; place by spoonfuls into cold dishes and a half peach, pit side down, on each, set away to cool until wanted.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—Beat one half cup butter, one cup sugar and yolks of three eggs to a cream, and add one cup crushed pineapple. Dissolve one tablespoon of corn-starch in cup sweet cream and add to pineapple. Mix thoroughly. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and fold in lightly. Bake with bottom crust only in moderate oven. MRS. MAGGIE WINSOR, Lakeland, Kans.

VANILLA BLANC-MANGE.—Six tablespoons corn-starch, three quarters cup granulated sugar, one quart milk, two eggs, one half teaspoon vanilla. Moisten corn-starch in eight tablespoons of milk, scald the remainder and cook fifteen minutes. Beat sugar and eggs together until light and add; cook two minutes, take from fire and add vanilla. Pour in to mold and cool. Serve ice cold with cream.

BAKED TAPIOCA CUSTARD.—Soak two thirds of a cup of tapioca in one cup of milk for one hour. Scald the remainder of one quart of milk and add moistened tapioca. Cook twenty minutes. Add one teaspoon of butter, a pinch of salt, and one egg beaten well, with one half cup of sugar. Bake with custard sauce or with cream. Flavor with vanilla or nutmeg.

MRS. CHARLES E. PARKS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

SWEETHEART PUDDING.—One small can peaches, a quarter size of egg, one cup flour, one half cup sugar, orange extract, one half cup milk. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, milk, and mix well. Then add flour and extract to suit taste; beat until smooth. Pour over peaches sliced, and mix well. Bake in moderate oven about one hour. Serve with whipped cream.

MARY REYNOLDS, Corsackie, N. Y.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM.—In hot weather when cream is so hard to save, you will find marshmallow whip an inexpensive and tempting substitute. Beat the white of one egg and half cup of sugar lightly together, then add one grated apple and vanilla flavoring. Whip until light and featherly. Serve on fruit, or cake the same as the whipped cream.

ETHEL H. LATOURETTE, White House Station, N. J.

FRESH FRUIT BREAKFAST LOAF.—Cut two large oranges, three bananas and two apples into small pieces, as for salad. Make a dressing of yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, one teaspoon of flour, butter size of one egg, and one tablespoon of orange juice; mix these ingredients together until smooth, then add one half cup of water; boil until thickness of cream. When cool add to fruit, also whites of eggs, which have been beaten stiff, and to which has been added two tablespoons of sugar; then add sufficient flour into which two teaspoons of baking powder has been added to make a very thick mixture; bake (original).

MRS. CHARLES TAGG, Beatty, Nev.

FRUIT PUNCH.—Boil three cups each of sugar and water together five minutes. Cool. Add a small pineapple, grated, to two cups of water and boil twenty



FRUIT PUNCH.

minutes. Strain and add the juice of six oranges and four lemons, a cup of fresh tea and sugar syrup, a cup of strawberry or any fruit juice and enough water to make a gallon. Serve ice cold.

BELLE CHADBOURNE, Augusta, Maine.

POLISH RAISED FRITTERS.—Two pounds flour, one cup compressed yeast, one large cup sugar, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons butter or lard, one and

one quarter pints lukewarm milk, a little salt. Beat briskly several minutes. Raise to double bulk. Form in balls size of an egg. Let it rise fifteen to twenty minutes, on floured board in warm room. Drop in smoking hot fat, as for doughnuts. Brown well, turning once. Roll in powdered or granulated sugar. These may be varied by adding fillings of chopped dates, figs, apples, bananas, nuts or raisins, citron or preserves. The filling should be added before the last raising.

MRS. GRIFFITH RYAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

MEXICAN CHILLI.—One quart lean beef, cut into bits. Cover with cold water, let come to a boil and skim. Then add three tablespoons of chilli powder, one small onion, chopped fine, and one cup of lard. Salt to taste. Put into granite kettle and cook slowly till done. Serve while hot.

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# THE ROLLING STONE

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By Hapsburg Liebe

**A**T the gate he stopped, his fingers arrested in their movement with the latch, and looked haggardly toward the lamp that stood just beyond the curtains. It was his home, the home he hadn't seen for two very long months; still he dreaded to go in—to face the wife and baby with the intelligence that he had not only been unable to get work, but that he had walked many miles to save paying railroad fares. He was a bookkeeper, was Laramie Ford; he had the drifting habit; he was beginning to be a rolling stone, always searching for and never finding an ideal position. Already he was being looked upon by those who knew him as undependable. His one consolation now was that living in the village, Carterton, set in the foothills of the Smokies, did not cost so much, comparatively.

With a frown and a shake of his head, he opened the gate and walked slowly past the nodding touchmenots and coxcomb to the front door. His rap was answered immediately, for Angela knew his footprint. He kissed them both hungrily; his Angela, a slim, fair young woman with wonderfully patient eyes and lips; Toddlie, his chubby girl baby, just learning to walk.

As and so as he entered the cozy sitting-room, he saw something that filled his face with pain. It was a sewing-machine. He looked from it to his wife.

Angela turned the lamp a bit higher, and forced a smile. "Mrs. Johnston didn't need it—the sewing-machine—and I borrowed it from her, Larry. Yes, I've been taking in sewing; and I've been making about two dollars a week since you left. You don't care, Larry?"

Ford couldn't say that he did, nor that he didn't. So, he told himself, he had taken this woman from a good, comfortable home, to put her at a machine, there to dull her sweet, violet eyes and grow stooped and unhandsome with toll, He—

"Toddlie can talk, Larry," Angela was saying, proudly. "That is, she can say three words."

But Ford appeared not to hear. "This is a hard world, Angela," he blurted, still holding his crowning baby tightly. "It's all unfair. All—all unfair. I was let out of my place here, and old Elberts was kept; I with a family, and Elberts with none to support but himself. They said I was too—er, exacting; also that they feared I was not steady. Then, the people I've met while on the hunt for a place; they're all unfair. They wanted too many references; they even looked at me as if they were afraid I would carry away something. Angela, I almost wish I had been spared the trouble of living. I am angry at myself, angry at everything on earth but you. I wonder, Angela, if there is a straightout good man in the world!"

Angela tried to comfort him, to soothe him, to clarify his view of life, to make him see that life was a vastly interesting performance for all its hills and hollows. But Laramie Ford was bitter as gall. He was standing in his own light; he was a good man deep down; but he had misguided himself.

Late that night, Ford rose, lighted a lamp, and went to a little desk across the room from his bed. In his mind he had repeated over and over again the word "Incontestable." He drew from a large envelope his life insurance policy—it was incontestable, now. But—how could he do it? His fingers trembling, he replaced it, frowned, blew out the light, and felt his way back to bed, a very dangerous germ in his mind.

The next morning a thing in the papers caught his eye. It said that a notorious mountain outlaw, called "Red" Absalom Dew from his bright red hair and beard, was at large in the mountains not far from Carterton, and that the state would pay five hundred dollars for his capture, dead or alive. So Laramie Ford, in a fit of desperation, declared to himself that he would bring home the much needed five hundred dollars, or put himself in a place that would cause his wife to get five thousand, the amount of his life insurance policy.

Angela was not told the true mission that took her husband, armed with a repeating rifle and carrying a pair of handcuffs in a rear trousers pocket into the fastnesses of the Smokies the next day. He was going out to look at some timber, he explained to Angela, with a view to obtaining an option on it and selling it at a profit when the lumber markets opened again. This latter was really one object of his trip—he had made it an object in order to have an excuse for going into the mountains. Laramie Ford detested an outright lie.

Just before sundown Ford reached the top of Hemlock Ridge, a low mountain that runs parallel with the great Blackfern for several miles. There he turned northward, and began to pick his way along the rugged crest, making little speed because of the many stones and boulders and thick copse of scrub. He had forgotten the outlaw for the moment; he was thinking, and bitterly, of his failure to provide for Angela and, now and then, whispering an imprecation on the world for being heartless, money mad, and without true virtue. He was that pitiable thing, a good man amuck.

As he stepped cautiously into an open space, he glanced, quite by accident, down the long, tree-covered slope to his right—and saw, a hundred yards from him, a huge, red-haired, red-bearded man in corduroys, sitting silent and motionless on a stone, a repeating rifle across his knees. It was Red Absalom Dew, and his back was toward Laramie Ford.

Ford awakened to the situation immediately. He drew back into cover of the scrub, instinctively cocking his rifle. Hurriedly he began to make a wide detour, thinking to come upon the outlaw at close range, and still under cover. In carrying out his plan, he found himself suddenly standing on a little cliff, with an almost straight drop of some twenty feet below him. Chagrined, he knelt silently, watching the desperado with eyes that did not waver for a second, wondering if he could get down the little precipice without a telltale noise. There were convenient ledges, but to make the descent he would have to be off his guard—and he knew that a man quicker with a rifle than Red Absalom Dew had never lived. Then a thrilling sentence flashed through his mind—

"Dead or alive!" from the reward notice.

He was a fair shot, was Ford. From his point of vantage he could kill Red Absalom Dew without the latter knowing even who had fired the shot. His temples throbbed with blood as the idea matured. It would take Angela from the sewing-machine; it would provide for long, perhaps until he could get another position—a good position. And the law was behind him; he would not have to suffer for the deed; he would be but ridding the country of a daring desperado, and the people would look upon him with admiration and thank him. His temples still throbbing, he raised his rifle. But his hands shook so badly that he could not take a good aim; and he knew that one's aim had best be perfect when he shot at Red Absalom Dew. It was not fear, as fear is usually defined; he hated to take life, to take something that God gave and that God only could give back, law or no law, money or no money.

He would retreat, go around the little cliff, and stand upon the outlaw from another direction; then he would command him to drop his rifle, come forward, and put his wrists within the irons. He started—when a loose stone rolled under his foot: he reeled, lost his balance and fell, clutching at the empty air, to a copse of ivy and rattleweed. After striking heavily, he turned slightly, writhed spasmodically in dull pain, and sank into a dark abyss of nothingness.

Red Absalom Dew had leaped to his feet at the crashing sound. He stood straight as a sapling, huge, gaunt, his rifle ready and his keen, cold blue eyes scintillating as they quickly searched the surrounding forest and boulders. For a moment he did not move, except for his head, which turned that he might see about him; then he began to walk carefully toward the silent figure that lay among the ivy and stones and rattleweed.

Arriving beneath the little precipice, he set his rifle down with a look of concern, and for a few seconds pulled thoughtfully at his fiery, straggling beard.

"Town man," he told himself. "Town man. Ain't used to climbin' around. Hunter, I reckon. Ought to carry a shotgun; town men can't shoot a rifle. Hands like a woman's. Combs his hair regular. Hands like a woman's. Combs his hair regular."

He put his gun on the stones beside him, kneeling before the man who had been hunting him for the reward. Almost tenderly he turned Ford over, and saw that a deep cut in the back of his head was bleeding badly. After binding the wound with a wide blue handkerchief, he picked the inert figure up in his big arms, threw it across his shoulder, and went far out on the mountain to a deep, dark cove hemmed in by cliffs, and to a hut of his own building. He had carried his burden of a man and two rifles with apparent ease; and so well did he know every foot of the ground that he hadn't stumbled once, even though darkness had fallen.

Laramie Ford lay for two days in a fever from the wound on his head. Red Absalom Dew and an old woman sat by him day and night, watching him patiently and anxiously, pouring herb draughts of the old woman's brewing down his throat. Sometimes Ford would have to be held to the bed to prevent his injuring himself by reason of his delirious mind. And never did Red Absalom Dew fail to be there to hold him.

So with the doctoring of the old woman and the great vigilance of the outlaw, Laramie Ford grew well quickly.

Red Absalom Dew sat on a log near the hut, basking in the warm sunshine, a long-stemmed pipe in his mouth, his eyes ready, ever near repeating rifle across his knee. Ford, finding that he could walk, stepped out of the hut and sat down beside the big outlaw.

"Feelin' better, I see," remarked Dew, his face like that of a statue, cold, hard. "I thought at first that you was goin' to make a die of it. Fever in the head. Old woman broke it up with yerbs and things. She ain't any kin to me; she's just an old woman that always liked me."

"But—"

"Never mind," Dew interrupted, taking Ford by the arm. "Go along with me, or I'll carry you. Which will it be, walk, or carry?"

"Walk," Ford chose. "If I've got to go with you, I presume I am able to carry myself."

Dew picked up his rifle, also the rifle belonging to Ford, and together they passed out at the low

"A journey," Ford breathed—"where?"

"Don't matter where. It's enough to tell you that we're goin' to take it; and that the last part of it will be made with you blindfolded. You oughtn't to be afraid o' me, Mister; we're both rollin' stones. And you're goin' to gather some moss of another kind, now!"

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## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents,  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

In this country there are millions of child slaves. I won't go into details as to how many other varieties of slaves there are, but I believe even the most willful twentieth century barbarian, the most indifferent human "bean" and inhuman troglodyte, ought to haul down the star spangled banner this Fourth of July and hide his head in shame when he realizes that he is responsible for this awful crime of child slavery. Many of you who will read this are sons of the men who shouldered a gun to abolish black slavery. Fifty years after the death of Abraham Lincoln we complacently tolerate an evil more horrible than that which eventually cost the great emancipator his life.

According to Professor Charles H. Bushnell of Washington, D. C., crime in this country costs us six billion dollars a year, that is six times more than it costs to run the entire government of this nation, a sum that would build twelve Panama Canals, a sum that would run the governments of the U. S., Germany, France and Great Britain, with all the enormous drain for battleships and armies for a whole year in time of peace.

Now comes Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, who informs us that in the Federal report on the condition of women and children wage earners in the United States, figures proved conclusively that child labor creates an environment which encourages misbehavior. Sixty-two per cent of habitual child criminals in the United States are victims of child labor. In order that a few inhuman wretches, both in the North and South, may spin the lives of children into profit, the nation is compelled to pay twenty-nine million dollars annually for relief work amongst these poor wretched unfortunates. Mr. Lovejoy says: "Greed for underpaid child labor has raised the death rate in industry in this country to an appalling degree." And think of it, oh you who rejoice on the Fourth of July, what our children have to pay for the luxury of being born under the star spangled banner, the banner of the free, for more young lives are sacrificed in industry in this country than in any other country in the world.

That's abstract talk, now for a little concrete example. Two hundred and fifty-nine poor wretches, went to their death in the horrible Cherry Mine disaster; and that disaster was all due to the thoughtlessness of two children, who if this were a civilized, respectable, decent, Christian country, would have been in school. Mr. Lovejoy remarks bitterly: "Efficiency has become the incubator in which all our theories of modern industry are hatched, and yet we tolerate a system of labor which forces all wages down to the level of a child's wage. It simply means that when women and children are brought in with their labor force to compete against the labor of men, the whole family together earns no more than the father would earn if they were not allowed to enter the field against him. In the Southern cotton mills children of ten and twelve years are employed in direct competition with their fathers. There is only one result. At the age of fifty statistics show a man is only earning nine cents an hour. Poor little, half fed specimens of humanity. They managed to scrape together a few weeks' schooling out of every year. They are dirty and ragged and frequently suffer from loss of memory." A little nine-year-old girl when questioned by Mr. Lovejoy said: "I don't play, I gotta work. I get up to work at four o'clock in the morning. I go to bed at nine o'clock."

At the last sitting of Congress, that well-paid and over-fed body, which you elect to look after the interests of big business—of course you wouldn't have sense enough to elect anyone to look after your own interests—could have knocked this whole, horrid child labor business on the head by passing the Palmer Owen bill. This bill excludes from inter-state commerce all goods produced by the labor of children under the age of fourteen. Mr. Lovejoy says: "This bill was defeated by sly politicians who took the opportunity to keep their own pockets full of ill-gotten gains for one year more."

Before me is a newspaper clipping. It says: "Children get less care than animals." The American Humane Association met at Atlantic City, N. J. last year and that body reported that societies for the care of children had decreased during the previous twelve months, from 313 to 307, while societies devoted to the protection of animals increased from 185 to 191. The number of children cared for by the societies last year was 191,194, as compared to 177,747 during the previous year. The number of animals that received attention by the societies devoted to them jumped from two and a half million to over six millions. It appears that the societies that are looking after animals are very energetic in securing the enforcement of laws protecting animals, but the organizations that have the welfare of children at heart are inactive. President Stillman stated that: "Political influences are being exerted against us whenever we conflict with the powerful forces using children in mills and factories." The "powerful influences" is the invisible government that runs this country.

The State Legislature of Iowa was recently asked to appropriate \$25,000 for child study and child betterment. I need hardly tell you that it didn't do it. The lawmakers just scoffed at the idea of spending money for children and right away appropriated \$25,000 for a building in which to display fat sheep during fair week once a year only. The most valuable crop of any nation is its children, but the average human still believes it is hogs or sheep, and hog thinking leads to hog living, hog ethics, hog morality and a six billion dollar crime, and a two billion dollar booze bill yearly, and the Lord only knows what.

There are millions of people who think that women should not vote. Let me bring this fact to the notice of those who hold such opinions and think that men who by the way are wholly and entirely to blame for child slavery, should solely attend to the affairs of the nation. In 1900, the Federal census shows that child labor had increased 56 per cent. Little-girl workers increased 65 per cent. These little-girl workers, if any of them are unlucky enough to reach maturity, will become the mothers of the race, and can you imagine what kind of a race they will produce? I will tell you. It will be a race of weedy, undersized, hollow-eyed, mentally deficient, criminally disposed inefficients, which will prey upon society, and fill prisons, hospitals, poorhouses and other institutions. "This," says George H. Hall, Secretary of the Child Labor Committee, "is the preparation we are giving to the future mothers of our land."

When you get your flag out on the Fourth of July, please remember that in double line of march the people in the U. S. who can neither read nor

sign that I would give to the American people to try and shame them into abolishing the foulest stain that was ever laid at the door of any people. If you men only had the decency to give women a vote this hideous evil would have been abolished long ago. What men won't do, women must.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums: the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

CHANDLER, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Will you make room in your chicken coop for a boy from the Mistletoe state?

Now Uncle Charlie, if you will please be kind enough to put Billy the Goat out in the back yard with a wagon load of tin cans and buckbats to chew on, I will hop upon your lap for a quiet little chat. Well my dear uncle, I see that Congress, that high and mighty body of men we pay to make our laws, has had up for their honorable discussion the army and navy. Also two others, namely, national prohibition and woman's suffrage. And like Congress, most always does when there are real live questions up for discussion, they vote them all down.

For years Uncle, you have been a true champion of a strong army and navy. You have constantly declared that we were not prepared for an emergency and it seems that the late investigations have borne out your statements.

One thing more, and what do you think of giving the Philippines their freedom? I for one am dead against it, for if we are to maintain our place as a nation, we must have colonies and markets. We are just getting to have a foreign policy, and I think one of the first things to do is to put the Philippines on a paying basis if possible and, then use them in a way that will be helpful to ourselves and the Filipinos.

Well Uncle, my letter is getting long, so I will close. With love to all the cousins, WILLIE K. CLARK.

It is quite refreshing, Willie, to get a letter in my mail from one who takes an interest in world affairs. Nearly all the letters I get are what I call back door letters. All the people write about as a rule are the things that concern their own immediate family, whether there are three boys or two girls and what is raised in their vicinity. They never can see and don't want to see beyond the rail fence at the back door. Don't expect people to look out at the front door, they might see something if they did, that is if the tomato cans were not too plentifully distributed to obscure their vision. Excuse me for being sarcastic once in a while, won't you? but honestly, I get so discouraged at the terrible mental darkness that befores the average human mind. Of course nothing is ever going to happen for the better in this world until that mental fog clears away. Here's one boy in Oklahoma actually peeping out beyond the back fence rail, letting his eyes sweep, not only over this vast continent but away almost to the other end of the world. He is thinking world thoughts instead of backyard thoughts, and if you only knew what exhilaration is in that kind of thought you'd try it yourself. Now, Willie, as to the Philippines and our foreign policy. It is an old saying that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Some nations achieve empires and some have empires thrust upon them. In the natural course of events we should not have acquired the Philippines nor Porto Rico nor the Hawaiian Islands. They however just came our way, and we couldn't very well do anything else but appropriate them. They are part of the white man's burden. We as a people would be very well content to let other nations carry this burden, let others bear the expense and responsibility, and sneak in at their heels commercially and get rich on their sacrifices, but it wasn't thus to be. It used to look to our forefathers on account of those big stretches of water on either side of us as though we could be a hermit nation, protected from attack by nature, and with no need for armies, navies, soldiers and sailors. But science has annihilated distance and our water protection amounts to little. We are now as near to Europe and Asia, for all practical purposes, as though our continents joined. There are no isolated portions of the world any more, and in a few years we shall be able to have our breakfast in New York and a late dinner in London, and all on the same day. The hundred mile an hour airship is here already. The boundary lines of nations will soon be wiped out. Good thing, too, for narrow nationalism, hyphenated citizenship and racial hatred (sure signs of a petty three-cent mind and a withered soul) must pass away ere we can have world-wide brotherhood. There is certainly no limit to what science and invention can do. It doesn't matter how much a man may have in his brain, nor how much lead in his shoes, in a few years he is going to be pushed out of his rut, dragged out of the deep canyons of his sloth, yanked up and shoved on and forced to fit himself into a new scheme of things that will make his eyeballs crack, his headpiece whirl and his feet jingle with delight. Just now all men's brains and energies are turned in the direction of destruction. Selfishness prompts every action. The machine that can destroy life will fetch ten times as much money as any implement one can devise to sustain life. Science however is going to make war impossible, and then we shall come to our senses and the era of humanity will dawn in place of the era of greed, hate, stupidity and murder. This will be the era of construction, the dawning of a real civilization. Science is all ready at this moment to jolt us forward to a plane of living which ordinarily we could not attain in a hundred years. Some of us are ready to make the trip, but the vast majority of humanity is not. We've got to wait for our hyphenated citizens, poor, deluded, dull-witted king and nobility worshiping fanatics, to get over the inherited stupidity of hundreds of years of royal boot licking, and all sorts of other reactionary human elements to wake up before we can go forward. We have done some good work in the Philippines. After centuries of fiendish exploitation by Spain, we have started the Filipinos along the high road of progress, and to scuttle out now would be a dirty and cowardly act. A great drama is to be played in the Pacific and Japan and the United States will be the two principal figures on that mighty stage. We might drop a part of the white man's burden by sneaking off the stage and letting Japan be the whole show. That would possibly save us bloodshed and treasure, that too would be the easiest way, but directly we step out of the Philippines, Japan will step in, and though I admire the Jap, admire his art, energy and initiative, courage and patriotism. I think we are capable of giving the world a higher grade of civilization than he is, and if he gets into the Philippines it won't be long before he will be swarming over Australia and New Zealand, and those two splendid democracies—the most progressive in the world—must be allowed to develop along white lines. The Filipinos are not capable of self government yet. Leave them to themselves and they would give Mexico cards and spades at raising hordes. Perhaps in a generation we shall be able to withdraw, but we should not allow any inferior race to walk in, undo our good work and exploit them. Japan is already at Formosa, a vast island north of the Philippines and can get to Manila in a few hours steaming. I know it seems preposterous that we should have to spend one American life for what the majority of people who read this article will contemptuously call a bunch of bare backed Asiatics. To be truthful I should have said something a little worse than that. (By the way we have a very ill-bred habit of

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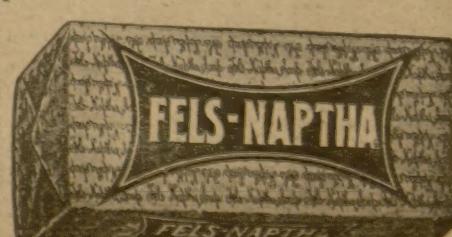
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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

## The Country Woman's Vacation

By Mrs. Ira Jipson

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**U**SUALLY the summer months are the hardest on the country woman. All the city friends and relatives plan a visit to the farm. Of course you can't blame them, but it is hard on the women folks. During the haying and harvest time the men must have help, but the women can't always get it, and by the time the harvest is over, the poor woman is worn out and worked harder than at any other time of the year. It is no wonder they all shun the farm. If the men folks would only provide some extra help, a little rest and recreation, life would be worth living on the ranch or farm.

This is how we solved the problem, and spent two summers. We lived in an ideal place at the foot of a range of mountains; there were several mountain streams that flowed through our place and they were all stocked with fish. The meadows were grand; wild flowers grew in abundance. The first summer was my first experience at farm work. It was all work and no play. There was no time for sewing, reading, visiting nor hardly time to go to town, about six miles away, to do our trading. I was thoroughly disgusted, with never a minute for myself,—just cook, eat and wash dishes, along with the other routine of housework, with milk to tend, churning, cheese to make and numerous other things to do.

One Sunday morning I announced at breakfast that there would be no warm dinner as I was going to have a day off and the men could get themselves a lunch at noon. They were all amazed, but said nothing.

I took the children and our lunch and went over into the meadows. I had never fished in my life but I fixed up a line and thought I'd try my luck. I didn't catch a single fish, but I had a good rest there by that little brook. We started back as the sun went down behind the peak. When we came to the gate I could hear the rattle of pans and the fire burning briskly. Hubby was getting supper and left the hired men to tend the chores. "Well, how many fish have you got for supper?" he asked.

"None, I never caught one. I was too tired to roam up and down the stream much; I only wanted a rest from this constant grind." I said no more but let him get the whole meal, while I sat and looked on. During the meal some of the men folks said they would like to go fishing. So decided to go the following Sunday and not work. So all went. The children picked flowers and I took my book. What a rest! It seemed like heaven there in that velvety nook. The men folks caught enough fish to last for several days. So the rest of the summer was spent just that way, working week days and a restful picnic each Sunday.

But the second year the place didn't hold the charm it had before. So I suggested one Sunday morning, we hitch up the teams and all go to the dam to fish and spend the day, which was some fifteen miles away. They all agreed, so we took our lunch and spent the day. It poured down rain, but we got into our old wraps and took shelter in an old building which leaked like a sieve, but we were none the worse for our experience. My husband caught the largest fish that had been hooked in the county, that summer. My brother-in-law had a mania for swimming, so they voted it the best day we'd spent that summer and we would go the next Sunday.

I proposed we go to some other place. It is the change of scenery that we all need for recreation, and that is why we all had such good time. If we went every time to that same place it would lose its charm, as did our own place. So every week we went to a different one, sometimes into the foothills and camped out over night.

They all agreed it was the best summer they had ever spent and I felt the same.

When fall came the men planned to go deer hunting. The children and I wanted to go. My

brother-in-law said he couldn't see what we women folks wanted to go for, we would spoil the hunt for them. The men decided to take their families along, and go to an old homestead which belonged to one of the men in the party. The place was about thirty-five miles off in a lonely spot among the hills. We women could stop off there and let the men go on into the hills after game.

There were five women and eight children in the party which numbered twenty-five in all. After a pleasant drive we reached our destination at a log cabin with two big rooms, furnished with a bathing outfit. After the teams were all cared for we enjoyed one of the most delightful evenings I ever spent. Each one had to tell a good story, speak a piece, sing a song, tell a riddle, etc., as the entire party sat there around that warm fire until long after midnight. Then the men made their beds in the hay lofts and wagon beds, while the women and children slept in the cabin. The next morning, about three o'clock, the men left us so to be on the hills at daybreak. To kill time while they were gone we explored the homestead. There was a nice garden and big potato patch, all fenced, which was watered from a flowing spring. We made ourselves at home. That evening we played the phonograph which one of the women had brought, and my sister played her violin, and we all sang and performed as we had done the evening before.

In the night I was awakened by our little boy who had a bad spell of croup. I had to render out bacon grease and mix it with coal oil to rub on him. This worked like a charm, and good luck that it did, for I could think of nothing else that we had at hand. So the next evening I doped him up before we retired. Our beds were made on the floor and proved very hard too, even harder than the ground and wagon-beds although we had plenty of hay under us.

In the night we were aroused from our slumbers by the dog barking, the horses running, and coyotes howling. We were all afraid to go out and see what was the matter. The men had taken all the guns except a little twenty-two rifle which was left in a shed just outside the door. I don't suppose one of us could have shot if we'd had a dozen guns. Lois was so frightened that when a mule passed the window she thought sure it was a bear. We all laughed at her and tucked up a quilt to the window before she could be contented to lie down. She begged us not to tell the men, but it was too good to keep.

The men didn't have such an easy time of it either. They found a swarm of bees in an old hollow tree, and decided to get the honey. When they returned the next day my brother-in-law's face was swollen to twice its normal size and he was suffering terribly. The rest of them were stung more or less. But we worked over him, putting on everything we had with us that we thought would ease the pain. His eyes finally swelled shut and we decided to go home by the way of town and get a doctor to attend him. We started home with neither deer nor honey, but a sick lot of men folks. The laugh didn't all come on Lois.

But the night the horses were running so, one of them fell over a bank, got tangled in a rope, and there he lay next morning with his neck broken. So the hunting trip wasn't such a success as they had planned. But the next time they go, they will keep to the deer trail and let the bees have the honey.

Country women do as we did and mix in a little recreation along with your work—the farm will run a day without you once in a while—and see if life won't be sweeter. You will be younger and feel and look younger for it. Why the city folks think we are jakes is that we seem old, tired and worn out, which we really become in a very short time for lack of rest, recreation and change of scene.

## When Baby Has Spasms

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg

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**B**ABIES are as God made them and often times as put by Don Quixote a great deal worse. In the matter of the health of babies, experience keeps a dear school for mothers, but parents will learn usually in no other, and scarce in that. Those who are trained; who labor for years and who know, can give accurate advice, but they can never compel conduct. It is better to have an unpleasant direction that will keep life and health in the body, than to await the lessons of sad and bitter experience. Long experience may make even a mother a sage, but it is usually at too great a cost.

Many fallings lead to successes, but errors with respect to infants, lead like sorrow to the grave. There are a legion of seemingly little ailments in infants that should be but are not, taken seriously by mothers, and there are an equal number of malignant maladies taken saliently, which need give the loving parent little or no concern. Measles is a distemper, responsible for more deaths and disasters than most parents realize. Yet it is as lightly regarded as a breath. Spasms or fits likewise should be given close study by mothers and medical men, yet they are often totally disregarded at great cost to the little one's health.

The inciting causes of spasms or fits in babies are as many as there are names for fairies. Moreover, a spasm in a child may come on like the explosion of an automobile exhaust, or it may begin with the eyes staring, the eyeball rigid or rolling loosely like a ship in a storm, a twitch, a series of jerks at the corners of the mouth.

The tongue may be bitten, the mouth may froth, or the little tucker may vomit and then become unconscious. A drowsy, deep sleep usually follows a momentary loss of consciousness. Hours may elapse before this coma-like sleep passes away.

Obviously, these attacks in a child are not to be given home treatment. Notwithstanding, many foolish neighbors and friends are forever suggesting teas, herbs, rubbings and a whole army corps of measures to "cure" the particular spasms. When in an hour, two hours, or many hours the spell has passed away these eternal busybodies put themselves metaphorically on the back and go on their bony way recommending the nauseous useless, or often dangerous potions which had nothing to do with the child's reawakening.

Unluckily, if a medical man with a proper training, fails to step in and take a hand in the matter, the spasms may reappear oftener and often and often until they become an established habit or epilepsy. Fortunately, much can be done to forestall such a dire state of affairs. A fit taken in time saves ninety and nine.

Almost any abnormal disturbance of the even tenor of an infant's life may incite one of these spasms or seizures. A severe "cold" or one of childhood's contagious maladies such as pneumonia, scarletina, diphtheria, whooping cough, acute arthritis, as well as scurvy, rickets, and an over-loaded stomach may be at the bottom of the first seizure.

Drink, imbibed by either parent before the birth of a child, is the worst of all the causes. Women, wrongly counselled to drink beer and other liquors, before they become mothers, have been thus later on innocently the cause of spasms in the child.

"Pettit mal" and "grand mal" are names given to these epileptic fits, if they settle upon a child as an offense often repeated. The type of spasm, however, due to faulty food or excess of victuals,

is not prone to become chronic. Indeed, it may be asserted with truthful optimism that nine times in ten sane treatment of the first fit by an alert medical man, should commonly lead to its undoing and cure for all future time.

Should no physician be within immediate calling distance and a spasm appears, a hot mustard bath should be given to the child forthwith. Massage of the wrists, arms and nape of the neck for an interval of five or ten minutes can also be carried out. Then dry and wrap the child in hot blankets, put it to bed with a hot water bottle to the feet and a cloth wet with vinegar or alcohol to the head. Care must be taken not to burn the child or otherwise injure it in these rough and ready procedures.

Simultaneously while awaiting the doctor and without exposure to the less heated air, give the child an injection to move the bowels. In infants under two years of age two teaspoonsful of Castor oil should also be given. If the child is not unconscious, it may also be made to vomit by inserting the finger into the throat.

Many spasms or fits that become chronic and remain for many years can be prevented, if appropriate treatment is patiently continued, after it has been begun by an alert physician. The duty of mothers is to prevent spasms by intelligent and regular feedings, and the insistence of a liberal amount of sleep. Many children with spasms could have been saved the disorder they suffer as well as the worry they cause others, if the parents had held to the rule of six o'clock sleeping hour.

The fallacy and superstition still entrenched that "worms," "teething," and "nervousness" cause spasms in part and parcel with the delusion that anything connected with the number seven is lucky and of magic import. Spasms arise in children not by inheritance or by "bad luck" but by the derelictions of loving parents. If infants are put to bed at six o'clock in the evening, fed only what the doctor suggests, kept away from all who have contagious ailments, and given the amount of sunlight, fresh air, and play commensurate with their ages, they should all escape fifty-six of the fifty-seven varieties of spasms and only one in ten thousand need have any type whatsoever. Then will all your children like olive plants, thrive merrily around your table.

**O**NLY TWO-HEADED SNAKE.—Harry Travers of Kalamazoo, Mich., owns what is said to be the only two-headed rattlesnake in existence. Travers was able to keep the snake alive for many weeks after it was captured, but overfeeding is believed to have caused its death. The snake would eat with both heads, which were perfectly formed. The strange reptile was captured by George Brewer while he was husking corn near Gull Lake. Brewer traded his prize find to Travers for a horse. The Kalamazoo man kept the snake alive until quite recently, and he now has the body in alcohol.

**P**ET PIGEON MOTHER OF CHICKS.—Miss Mayme McElligott of Redondo Beach, Cal., breeder of fancy pigeons, was surprised to find that a pet pigeon was mothering seven wee chickens hatched from bantam eggs. The pigeon stole a march on her mistress recently, and a diligent search failed to locate her nest. Finally she proudly brought forth her young brood from a discarded oven located in the granary. This is the first time that a pigeon has been known to hatch a brood of chickens, according to local fanciers.

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### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

A birthday letter, which he appreciates highly as he has often told you, and some also enclose a small gift of money, which needless to say, is very welcome, and is about the only kind of a present that is useful to him in his situation. There is no reason why our readers should not send Uncle Charlie a birthday gift, if they wish to, but it must be purely voluntary on their part and not on anybody's request. I hope your mother will receive many cards. It would seem that eighty-five years of usefulness deserves a reward.—Ed.

584-49th St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I am very sorry to disappoint many of you, who have written me, and failed to get an answer. Please do not misjudge me in not keeping my promise to answer all letters. So far, and it is not quite two weeks since Comfort has been out, I have received about three hundred letters. Can any of you imagine what it is to answer three hundred letters and mostly requests? I tried to answer about two hundred and to those especially, who enclosed a stamp, only about eight.

I enjoyed all letters and my heart aches for many.

I shall try and do all I can, as I will keep all on a list. My best wishes to all. MRS. M. BALDWIN.

MARSHALL, R. R. 1, ILL.

I have had a desire for a long time to write to your charming circle, but was afraid any words that I might say would not be worthy of a place in your corner. However I shall try my luck and hope for the best.

The dear old COMFORT has been coming to our home for about ten years, and we surely could not do without it. It has always been as a friend to me. And in the past five months, the letters and poems in COMFORT's Sisters' Corner, have cheered my heart many times, when it was sad. Since December, 1914, I have learned that it is to have a dear one absent from me, never to be seen again until God calls me home to that Great Beyond.

I sometimes feel that I have been sorely tried, but when I look 'round me and see other faces as sad, and hear of the terrible complications in Europe, and the many precious souls that are constantly leaving this world, I look up to my Father, and thank Him for His gifts, and for His Son's redeeming blood that saves us from sin, and that "we shall know each other there."

None of the sisters' letters interest me so much as those pertaining to Christianity. Dear friends are we planning for our home in that "Unknown world?"

Miss Nellie Stovall, your letter touched a responsive chord in my heart. I belong to an organized class at my Sunday school, called the "Always True Bible Class," consisting of about thirty-five boys and girls. They all take such an interest in our undertakings. We have a Young People's Alliance every Wednesday evening. We give entertainments, and lawn socials, and any little things we need in our Sunday school, and also use these for charity the money we make at these socials.

Allow me to preach a little sermon on charity or brotherly love; some people seem to take pleasure in casting offensive speeches at someone near them, or in speaking against an absent one. If these people would only study carefully the twelfth verse of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew, I am sure none of us would be guilty of offending another, if we would take that into our hearts.

Jesus says, "A new commandment I give you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another." That seems very difficult, but I believe He meant it.

My most frequent prayer is, that this world may be sanctified to His holy cause, before God comes.

I think Uncle Charlie is just grand. He will certainly get a great reward. It is not in this world we get our reward, but the next, and although Uncle Charlie is a sort-in-his-way, he will be much more glorified over there. "Everything works together for good to them that love God." I think that is a blessed thought.

Please do not think me conceited, for I wish to live in the memory of each one of you, as one who wishes that some day every member of this circle will know each other, and converse as friends.

I will send a little verse that one of my friends gave me when my spirit was so depressed. Perhaps it may cheer another as it does me, when I recall it to my mind:

"If we could see beyond today,  
As God can see;  
And all the clouds should roll away,  
The shadows flee,  
O'er present griefs we would not fret,  
Each sorrow we would soon forget,  
For many joys are waiting yet  
For you and me."

I live in the country, and would not like to live in the city. The country air is too pure, and the dear old summer woods appeal to me too much to ever consider the city. God's world is indeed beautiful.

How many of the sisters enjoy reading? I do. I read most all of my spare time.

With best wishes, please consider me as your friend.

MISS BLANCHE SCHAFER.

LYNN HAVEN, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I send you greetings from beautiful St. Andrews Bay. I wish you were all able to sail on its pines, walk on its white sands, smell the scent of its fish, and enjoy the delightful climate, and eat some of its delicious food.

Some years ago I was teaching a country school in western Washington and came across a copy of COMFORT. In the shut-in column was a letter from one who had been bed about twenty years. Being very lonely she wanted people to write to her. I wrote her a letter and received a grateful reply; have corresponded with her ever since and am thankful I could add a little ray of sunshine to her barren life, sometimes by little gifts which I knew would come good to her. I learned that the desire of her heart was for a wheel chair. Because of her gratitude to me she pieced me a silk quilt out of pieces I had sent to her, and worked it so nicely with many different stitches and designs. It was a labor of love and she would accept nothing for the work. When the quilt came to me I was teaching in western Oregon. I was born in Ohio, but love the Great West. I decided the quilt should furnish the wheel chair. I succeeded in selling tickets enough for the quilt to purchase a very fine and substantial chair which was sent to her from the factory or wholesale house through the local furniture dealer, who threw in his commission. You may know that she was more than grateful to me and to everyone who helped to get the chair. Last summer while en route from California to Florida I stopped at the little town where she lives and spent a little time with her. I found her a very sweet, refined, patient sufferer, having a home but lacking so many things either a sick or well person finds almost necessary; one whose "kin folk" as she calls them—are so busy in church work and their own affairs that they forget much of the comfort and pleasure they might give to the invalid sister.

I find this locality pleasing, and in time I feel sure it can be quite profitable as well. This is the first place I have found where one can get a home in a healthy and delightful climate at so reasonable a rate. From what I have seen of other places I judge this land will become much more valuable within a few years.

Thanking you for your patience with this long letter,

I am, faithfully, Your COMFORT sister,

EMMA ALICE WILKINSON.

Emma Alice Wilkinson. I am administering

## How Modern Household Conveniences Pay

By Mary Hamilton Talbott

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"**I**VE tried a lot of new-fangled labor savers," said my old neighbor to me when I was starting the business of housekeeping, "and I tell you they don't pay, they are more bother than they are worth."

This was rather discouraging as I was depending a good bit on the many conveniences I had read about to give me time to live up to the ideal expressed by a prominent and progressive woman when she said, "We housewives must subordinate the work of keeping house to the business of living. We cannot get the most out of life or give our children the training they should get from us if we are bound by the daily renewed tasks that sap our strength and take all our time." But while I was pondering whether my neighbor, with thirty years' experience or the modern woman was right, I met Mrs. Jones, and when I got to know her better and know her home, run without a servant, I found out the fallacy of my old neighbor's remark. Mrs. Jones said, when I asked her, "Do modern conveniences really pay?"

"They sure do. When my Martha got impossible and I found she must go I was trying to fit my back to the burden of housework again when along came a man selling a vacuum cleaner. I felt I could not afford to buy it but he talked me into it and that vacuum cleaner proved my salvation. I began to realize that the inventive mind of men and women were giving us things that not only would take the place of the hired girl who each year is becoming more out of the question to the woman who is wrestling with the increased cost of everything and the stationary salary, but lessens our worries. The vacuum did my cleaning and saved my back. Then a patent washing machine cut down my laundry expenses and gave a day worker time to clean out my kitchen pantry after the washing was done. I believe my mangle is as much of a time and labor saver as the washing machine, and to me it seems strange there are not more of them seen in private houses in this country, they are so universally used in foreign countries. If one has no power in the house, as electricity, to drive them, they are made to be worked by hand, and a cold mangle costs but \$6.50. Every woman who is doing her own work should at least have laundry machinery, if it has to be bought on the installment plan.

But there is no reason why there should not be electricity in every house for light and power purposes. Not only the cities but the small towns and many of the larger villages have their public electric plants that furnish electricity for lighting and power purposes at moderate rates. There is no place where electric power is more useful than on the farm to operate machinery in the house and barns and to furnish light. To say nothing of the convenience of throwing the light on or off in house, barn or stable by a turn of the switch, there is the element of safety to be considered in doing away with the kerosene lamp and lantern which are the most common cause of destruction of farm buildings by fire. The most remote farm may have electric light and power by means of a small private electric plant of its own and produce electricity at a cost even less than the rate at which it is sold in the cities.

"When I began to talk fireless cooker my friend across the street was awfully discouraging," Mrs. Jones continued. "She said, 'Those things are fakes. I wish I had never bought mine.' But I found later her trouble was that she expected to put hastily and poorly prepared dishes into her cooker and have them emerge culinary triumphs. Of course they were nothing but failures. I later met a man who had made a comparison of a gas range, fireless cooker and a combination of the two as to the amount of gas used, labor required and the results as to appearances and palatability of food cooked for family use for one day. He said: 'The saving of gas in using the fireless cooker after starting the food on a gas stove was from five ninths to three quarters of what it cost to cook the food entirely by gas and the result was pronounced better in taste and appearance, while the labor or attention required was greatly reduced.'

The combination gas stove and fireless cooker effected a still greater saving. The saving in gas by use of the fireless cooker amounted in 93 days to the price of a fireless and in 234 days to the price of a combination range and cooker.

"On the farm where wood or coal takes the place of gas the economy of fuel by use of the fireless cooker is nearly if not quite as large with an equal saving of time and labor. The farm woman will use the fire that cooks the breakfast to heat the fireless cooker and the dinner meat and vegetables and place them in the cooker by the time breakfast is ready; there they may be left without further care or attention and with no fear of scorching or over-cooking until dinner time when they will be found hot, perfectly cooked and ready to be served. Meanwhile she may give her undivided attention to other matters about the house or garden or may spend the forenoon at a neighbor's or in going to market.

"I have heard more than one woman say that these larger conveniences are so expensive, they cost more than a girl. Have you ever thought over this with a pencil and paper handy for a few figures. For instance, a girl's wages for general housework in these days ranges from \$12 to \$25 a month. Take the lowest figure \$12, add to it eight dollars a month for her food and five dollars for wages and breakage and you have \$25 a month or \$300 a year as the cost of your servant. Then see what you can buy for that amount. My vacuum cleaner was \$85, my range \$50, kitchen cabinet \$25, dish-washing machine \$16, clothes washing machine, hand power, and the mangle \$20, which makes in all \$196. This leaves \$104 of a servant's cost for investment in the little devices that help work along. The \$10 I invested in a wheel-tray saved me enough time to join the Parents' League at the school my children attend and we are working toward better amusements, libraries, playgrounds, sanitation and safety regulations, also for less crowded conditions in our schools.

"In buying anything which is real machinery one must exercise care and buy only those of good construction, buy them with the feeling that you could show them unhesitatingly to a scrutinizing engineer who looks for efficiency and excellence of construction. Then remember you don't feel at home with even a knife having a different handle from the one you are accustomed to using when you first buy it, and you may be a couple of weeks before you really feel that a bread mixer is a real success. So many women buy labor-saving devices and cast them aside before they have mastered them."

"In order to reduce the amount of work in the home it is important to buy materials in as nearly usable form as possible. The old idea of making things at home, regardless of cost, nutritive value, or anything else, because it is extravagant to buy canned or otherwise prepared food should be obsolete now, but facts hardly point that way. So many women reject these conveniences as representing the ultimatum of waste and shiftlessness, yet the prosaic truth of the matter is that bread and biscuit, beans and soup, and scores of other things, are prepared in a more appetizing and digestible form in factories than in nine-tenths of the kitchens of the land. In the modern bakery business, for instance, there is only one kind of luck, the mood of the cook, the oven that won't heat properly, the "light-hand" or other superstitions have no place, the output of the machines may lack the fascinating irregularity of hand-made work, but the bread does rise, the biscuits do brown, the beans do bake and jelly does jell. And this applies especially to the crackers and other products of the great bakeries whose

should endeavor to cultivate an outward appearance of happiness for the influence said by a gloomy countenance is, to say the least, depressing. We can all find something to be glad about if we but try.—Ed.

TOKIO, N. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Having just finished reading Mrs. Hattie D. Miller's letter I thought I would write and comment upon a topic that has interested me greatly; namely the rearing of little children.

We have been married eight years and have five children, the oldest was seven years old the first of March, the next oldest six, the next four, the next three, the next one and one half years.

Now what I wish to ask Mrs. Miller or some other experienced sister is, could a mother with so many little tots all in her own housework to do on a farm be expected to have the same patience and strength to bring up all those children as well as a mother with one or perhaps two children to divide her time between? If Mrs. Miller had four children besides her little girl she spoke of, she would have found it harder to bring her up as well as she has.

I love my children very dearly but I correct them sometimes because, I think they need it. Maybe I am mistaken. Our two oldest boys are deaf and though no worse than average children I find it necessary to punish them occasionally. An almost of the opinion fewer children and better reared, are better than too many.

We live on an Indian Reservation, in Benson county, N. Dak., and like very well; the land is, of course, cheaper here than in the adjoining counties as it is not broken. We are on the banks of Wood Lake where we have excellent water and plenty of fish; and a good deal of wild fruit grows around the lake.

Will answer all letters enclosing stamp and would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

MRS. MARIE HAGGERTY.

Mrs. Haggerty. Unfortunately I cannot give you the benefit of my personal experience as my family does not number quite as many as yours, though really, five are not so very many, but I am printing your letter in hopes that it will be the means of eliciting information from mothers who can tell us their experience. You may be able to derive some help from the following poem, particularly the last verse, "do your best and trust to Heaven."—Ed.

### Training the Other Woman's Child

They all sat around in friendly chit  
Discussing mostly this and that,  
And a hat.

Until a neighbor's wayward lad  
Was seen to act in ways quite bad  
Oh, t'was sad!

One thought she knew what must be done  
With every child beneath the sun,  
She had none.

And ere her yarn had been quite spun  
Another's theory was begun,  
She had one.

The third was not so sure she knew.  
But thus and so she thought she'd do.  
She had two.

The next one added, "Let me see,"  
These things work out so differently,  
She had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom's store,  
And said, "I'll have to think it o'er."  
She had four.

Then one sighed, "I don't contrive  
Fixed rules for boys that are too alive."  
She had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix,  
This straightening of crooked sticks."  
She had six.

And one declared, "There's no rule given  
But do your best and trust to leave."  
She had seven.

LOVELY, ALA.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here I come again from southern Alabama. Since my letter appeared last year the readers have asked me to write again, desiring to know more of the Sunny South.

First of all I will speak of the beautiful shade trees. The Texas umbrella is found in most every house yard; also the camphor tree; both grow very fast from seed or can be bought at the nurseries. The holly and magnolia grow wild and can be taken up and transplanted. The live oak is another pretty shade tree; some of them are covered with long gray moss, especially those found along the rivers and bays. The Yupon is another evergreen bush with red berries and is very pretty mixed in with holly for Christmas decorations.

The umbrella tree sheds its leaves in the fall, but the big bunches of seeds stay on the trees all winter. There are two species grown here but the seeds are alike on both and make very pretty beads when the outside hull is boiled and washed off. They are ribbed and hard like wood. There is a hole through them, all ready to string. I sent several strings of them last year to my friends in Oregon and Wisconsin and they wrote back that they thought they were very pretty. I strung them with little glass or gold beads between.

The country here in southern Alabama was originally covered with a long leaf, yellow pine, which is now mostly cut. It was controlled by cattle and sheep men who kept settlers out, but now in the last few years it is being settled up fast by Northern people. The water is pure and soft, but not cold. Most all the wells are drilled. The staple crops here are corn, sweet and Irish potatoes, upland rice, oats, sorghum, velvet and lyonebeans, cowpeas, peanuts, cotton, sugar cane and most all kinds of vegetables, fruits and nuts. Some new crops are being tried and raised here with success. The cotton is not so good as is not new to some people but I never saw any growing with last year. It is used as a substitute for Irish potatoes which it does not exceed in yield of bushel, but exceeds in average food value per acre. It is a tropical plant. The bulb or tuber is the part used for food. They have better keeping qualities than the Irish potatoes.

Cassava is another new crop that is being raised here in the South and is the main food standby of Central South America and the West Indies. Cassava is the plant from which tapioca is made. It will produce more food per acre than any other crop and is equally adapted to man and beast. The roots are the parts used for food. It is grown from seed cuttings, and the seed canes are not easily kept.

Spineless cactus is another new crop which they are just beginning to grow here but I don't think it will be a success as our common forage plants have more stock food value.

We have no snow here but some cold winds, more changeable than last year than for several years before, but it has been colder all over the United States and we have not escaped. A thin skin of ice formed several times this winter but it was not cold enough to hurt the oranges or the Japonica buds and flowers.

Our little Railroad station, Loxley, is about half way between Mobile and Pensacola, our nearest large towns. There is a railroad graded most of the way between the two towns, but the track is laid only part way from Pensacola to Loxley. Work is stopped for lack of capital. The L. and N. Railroad runs through Loxley.

The soil is a sandy loam with red or yellow clay subsoil; looks rich and mellow but lacks humus and lime so has to be fertilized. There are no stones or rocks on the land.

Very few Negroes here. No malaria or fevers. Wages are low as there are no factories or mills. We need a canning factory badly as most of our garden truck has to be shipped out.

The winter days here are an hour or so shorter and the winter days are longer than in the North. We have many little twilight.

Don't you think, sisters, we should try to cultivate the habit of contentment? They say "Contentment is riches," and we could become like the old man in the story we would all be happier. An old man who had been taught to be content with his lot became very poor. He traded off his coat for a loaf of bread, but before he could eat it a dog came and, snatching the bread, ran away. The man was indignant at first, and as he saw the old feeling of contentment stole over him, and as he saw the dog vanish around the corner he exclaimed, "Well, thank God, I have my appetite left."

We didn't get woman Suffrage last fall, but are still living in hopes. It is said that woman's place is in the home. Surely it is, but a better place to vote from has never been found. Many men fear that when women get the vote they will be deflected by the political atmosphere, but it does not work that way in the states where women are enfranchised. Women voters are responsible for a general cleaning up of the

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polis. They bring cleanliness instead of taking on deficiency.

My letter is too long already, but I wish to say a word about our song birds, the mocking bird. It sings only in spring and summer, at night as well as day, and can imitate all the other birds even the little chicks.

Love and good luck to our dear COMFORT and COMFOET sisters.

Mrs. P. S. HENDRY.

HAMTRAMCK, 32 Danforth Ave., MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT about eight years and I think it an excellent magazine. I like to read the sisters' letters, but there is one thing I do not like and that is people describing themselves or their looks. I see no sense in it. I fear if anyone asked me to describe my looks I would have a hard task especially if I were good looking. If I were asked to do so I would refuse. I don't see how a modest woman can do it. Even a frivolous girl, if she has common sense, would be afraid to overrate her personal appearance, remembering that beauty of person is not always alone has true and everlasting dignity. It is by the soul we must judge. If that is in them, our beauty is complete; let all the sisters remember the words in Holy writ: "Let another praise thee and not thy own lips."

To change the subject, I wish to say I am sending six of the shut-ins a little cheer, I hope many of the sisters will do the same.

Yours most sincerely,

ANNIE KIRK.

Sisters. How many agree with Annie Kirk? Whether you agree with her or not, I hope you will follow her example in writing letters of cheer to shut-ins. It will take but little of your time and it means more to the weary sufferer than you can imagine, also send some of the "cheer buts bread," as Uncle Charlie says.—Ed.

ELKINS, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to talk just a little while and although not as fluent as the others, maybe I can express my sentiments.

I certainly enjoy reading all the sisters' letters; they seem so neighborly and friendly.

Any of you that think you would like me for a pen friend, please write.

Did you ever hear anyone say, "Oh, I get so lonely and restless, and the days seem so long?" I have, but I can't fully sympathize with anyone like that, for I have seldom been that way. I can always find something to interest me. For instance, I love downers. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy caring for them and watching them grow. Then I crochet.

I also take several magazines and like to read. 1

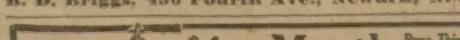
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

calling foreigners names, referring to many of them contemptuously as Chinks, Guineas, Waps, Dagoes, Geese, Klkes, Greasers, etc. The Europeans get back at us calling us Yankee pigs and swine. It is time we remembered we are all human. Names that are meant to hurt and sting only perpetuate race hatred. However we are our brother's keeper, and it isn't what we do, but what Providence has dictated in the great scheme of things that is our part to do, that we must do. We have got to play our world part and play it in a manly fashion. There is some rough and probably bloody work to be done in this world, before a lasting foundation is made for world peace and brotherhood. The workers of the world have no quarrel, but they are too ignorant to know it, and too blind to see it. They are all doing as father did, carrying large "Please Kick me" signs around, still carrying the lazy of earth on their backs, still preferring the sword to reason and common sense. We can't talk to a man with a gun in his hand, and force is the only power that amounts to a red cent in the councils of the nations. The day has not yet come when we can all live soft and easy lives—that at present is only the privilege of a few. The majority of us have to fight and fight hard for the few crusts we've got, for there are hundreds of millions of people who have only half a crust and who would think the most unsanitary shacks of the poorest paid of our workers, palatial luxury. Seventy-five per cent of the people on this planet are casting envious eyes at these United States, and we are not going to be allowed to keep what we have without a struggle. This country has developed entirely too much of late from without, and if it is ever going to amount to anything, it's got to start right now developing from within. At present we are suffering from racial indigestion. We object to the Japs coming here because we know they are a racial type we cannot absorb. This war unfortunately has taught us that there are millions of the representatives of European races that also refuse to be absorbed, men and women who are alien in thought and deed, and though born on this soil of Washington and Lincoln, are breeding another race of aliens. Here to my mind is one of the greatest dangers this nation has to confront, and just how great and just how real it is, only those who spend their lives probing beneath the surface of things realize. We need a powerful navy, enough officers to handle a force of half a million men. I am a dreamer, but I am not a fool dreamer. When I live amongst burglars I am going to keep a lock on my door and a gun under my pillow. You may never need to use the gun, but as they say out West when you do need it, you need it ~~it~~ bad. You don't have any time to go out and buy one, or manufacture one. What we've got to do in this world is to deal with conditions as they are, and not as we'd like them to be. While we are in the waters of tribulation (and we are in it up to our necks) if we don't keep on swimming we are going to sink. We have sense enough to know we need policemen in the streets of our cities. We know that without the strong arm of the law order would vanish and chaos would reign. Our army and navy play the same part in the highways of the world as a policeman does in the streets of our cities. Our valiant friend, William Jennings Bryan talks about the million men who would spring to arms in a minute between sunrise and sunset, if an enemy invaded these shores. Such talk is piffle, poppycock, slush and bunk. The man who talks like that ought not to have charge of a chicken coop, let alone the lives of a hundred million people. It has taken the British Army seven months to prepare a million men for the field. The Canadian contingent of thirty-two thousand men, most of whom were militiamen and many of whom were old soldiers, after weeks of training on this side of the water, were not allowed to go to the front until they had had an additional five months of training in England. William Jennings talks about the arms that our million patriots would spring to. Yes, and they'll be the same old arms that had seventeen years ago in our war with Spain, obsolete condemned Krags and ossified black powder Springfields, with a kick that sends a man somersaulting to the rear several miles, every time he pulls a trigger, and knocks his shoulder off every time the gun goes bang. We have enough of these old squirt guns to kill off all the patriots that would spring to arms, but they wouldn't kill anybody else. If, until they had six months of war training, any of our million patriots tried to spring to the trained troops of an invading army they would simply spring into their graves. It takes months to make the artillery that is now used in field fighting and months more training to know how to use it properly, and when it comes to fighting officers it is a case not of months, but of years. I'm not talking militarism. Militarism means not the use of armed men but the worship of them. Militarism is an evil thing that will never find a congenial atmosphere for development in these United States. Events in Europe have set the clock of progress back fifty years. All our cherished ideals of "peace on earth, good will to men," have been blown to pieces at the mouth of the cannon. People who do not realize this are living in a fool's paradise. Though we are a peaceful people it was only the other day we were fighting Spain and quite recently we were fighting in Mexico. We have fought in Hawaii, in the Philippines, Central America. We nearly had a run in with Chile and we had a dented good run in between ourselves, and during our trouble with Spain, if it had not been for the big fleet of a certain maritime nation, all Europe which cordially despises us, would have been on our backs. On an average we have had a war every twenty-five years of our national existence. No one can tell what a day may bring forth. The whole of the earth has its various eyes upon us, for to them we look like a big, fat, helpless goose, ready for the plucking, and that at present is just about what we are, and instead of having a watchdog at the gate to see that we are not plucked, we have in Washington, a lot more geese. Heaven help us and protect us, for the Lord knows we haven't sense enough to protect ourselves. Now don't forget these international thoughts, world thoughts. To be a citizen of any particular country is all right, but it's horribly selfish to be satisfied with such narrow limitations. Be as I am, a citizen of the world, better still be a citizen of God's great universal world, of which our world and the millions of worlds around us are but an infinitesimal part. When you write your names hereafter on every and all occasions, add these initials C. U. (Citizen of the Universe). People will look at that C. U. and wonder what the deuce it means. That's your opportunity to open up and let them know. You will watch with amusement how their old troglodyte eyes will blink, just as sunshine makes an owl blink. After the bats get your idea, they will add C. U. to their own names and quit being bats and then they will make other bats blink and think. Catch the idea? Now add that C. U. to your names when you write to me, so I may know you are awake, actually alive, and that you've quit blinking and started thinking.

GILLESPIEVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
It is my opinion that you do not get any letters from the "Buckeye State"; or, if you do, you do not publish any of them. Which is it Uncle? As I see the other cousins describe themselves, I suppose I must do the same. I am five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and eight pounds, have dark eyes, black hair, a pug nose, a complexion that varies with the weather, a score of delicate freckles, and a temper that goes from normal up to 212 degrees in less than no time. Am seventeen years old. Now, if you are not frightened to death, I will stay and chat a while.  
We have taken COMFORT for several years, and we like it fine. Uncle, I like to see you give it to the little silly, weak-minded girls who have about their hearts. I notice some of them need their spelling books and grammar more than they need a heart. Some of the boys are all right, and the girls can be good friends to them without making fools of themselves. I expect my letter is going too long, but before I go, I'll tell you what I am good for. I can do all kinds of housework, milk the cows, sew, play the piano and

(CONTINUED ON COLUMN 4, THIS PAGE.)

## Help on the Movement for Nation-Wide Prohibition

In response to numerous and urgent requests from our readers COMFORT will furnish the ammunition and lead them in a campaign for a national law to banish the liquor evil.

Will you enlist in support of this cause?

It is the most vitally important issue before the American people.

It affects the general welfare, and as all, regardless of sex, are equally interested and have an equal right to be heard and exert their influence on our national law-makers, I appeal to the women as well as the men to sign and circulate these petitions.

Those who have read the series of editorials on Nation-wide Prohibition that began in February COMFORT understand the full significance of this appeal and the purpose of the petition heading which is printed below.

For the information of our new subscribers and other interested persons who have not read our previous editorials on this subject I offer the following brief explanation which may also be a help to those who circulate the petitions.

I have not space or time here and now to detail the wreck and ruin caused by the grog-shops;

the resulting evil is of such magnitude as to be a national calamity.

The liquor habit is the greatest of all causes of crime, poverty and dis-

trress; disease, sickness, insanity and suicide follow in its wake and it blasts the innocent off-

spring, not only of the drunkard but of the mod-

erate drinker, with physical, mental and moral degen-

eration.

The liquor traffic is a national menace that must be abated by a national law. State prohibitory and local option laws are inadequate in scope and so difficult of enforcement as to be too largely inefficient.

For these reasons the friends of temperance have striven, thus far in vain, for the adoption of an amendment of the United States Constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor except for medicinal and mechanical purposes and to place its manufacture and sale for these purposes under the control of the federal government.

Such a constitutional amendment is desirable and probably will be an accomplished fact some time in the future, though it will be by a hard fight and may take years to win it, because at best the process is long and complicated, afford-

ing many opportunities for successful resistance by the mighty influence of the liquor combine.

Meanwhile there is urgent need of immediate nation-wide prohibition; and there is a simple and speedy process by which it might and should be established next winter by act of Congress. It is to accomplish this that COMFORT has entered this campaign and asks your help.

Last winter Congress made a thorough-going law for nation-wide suppression of the dope evil. On the first day of March, when it took effect, the United States government assumed control of all opium and cocaine in the country, so that on and after that date these habit-forming drugs and their derivatives and compounds could not and never can be imported, manufactured, kept, distributed, sold or given away in any manner or form in any part of Uncle Sam's dominions except under the very strictest government supervision and regulation.

This law is operating with complete success although the various state anti-dope laws had proved as ineffectual as the local liquor laws.

What we ask in our petitions—and the situation demands it, for the drink evil is greater even than the dope evil—is that the national government shall in like manner solve the temperance question by taking control of the manufacture, importation, keeping, distribution, sale and dispensing of alcohol and alcoholic liquors under such stringent regulations as to restrict their use to legitimate medicinal, scientific, mechanical and fuel purposes.

This does not require any constitutional amendment. It can and should be done by act of Congress at the coming session which will begin next December. Congress has the same power over liquor that it has over drugs. Will it exercise its power in the interest of temperance? Yes, if you, the people, demand it; no, if you are silent, for the liquor interests are ever active and alert.

Perhaps you wonder why our petitions ask for government prohibition and control through the instrumentality of a federal tax. This is to obviate any possible question of conflict between national authority and state rights in dealing with this matter.

The power of direct and simple prohibition or regulation of any business within a state belongs to the state legislature and not to Congress. But Congress has unlimited power to tax business. And, as the U. S. Supreme Court has declared, "power to tax is power to destroy," or it may be employed as a means of regulating the subject matter of taxation. So when Congress wishes to regulate any kind of business within the states it does so by imposing a moderate or even trifling tax and making the regulatory features incidental to the assessment or collection. On a one dollar annual registration tax and a fee of one cent each for order blanks the government hung its effective control and stringent regulation of opium, cocaine and other habit-forming drugs.

And when Congress wishes to exterminate a business or manufacture that it cannot directly prohibit, it accomplishes that object by the thoroughly effective means of imposing a tax so heavy as to be absolutely prohibitive. By taxing it to death Congress rid the country of the dangerous yellow phosphorous match, and the same method was employed to abolish the issue of currency by state banks.

Our petitions ask Congress to tax alcoholic liquor out of existence, except such as is produced, dispensed and used under strict government supervision and regulation for medicinal, scientific, mechanical or fuel purposes.

The government now taxes the products of the distilleries at \$1.10 a gallon for proof spirits such as whiskey, brandy, rum and gin, and \$2.20 a gallon for clear alcohol except such as it made and denatured under government super-

vision for mechanical and fuel purposes. Alcohol is denatured by adding enough poison to prevent its use as a beverage. The government also imposes a large tax on every wholesale liquor dealer and smaller taxes on retail dealers including keepers of barrooms and saloons. The manufacture of beer and wine is taxed and imported liquors have to pay.

By the simple process of raising all these taxes to a prohibitory size Congress can establish nation-wide prohibition and end the drink evil now and forever throughout the country, and by exempting, or rebating the tax on liquors and alcohol made and dispensed under government supervision for medicinal, scientific, mechanical and fuel purposes safe control can be maintained to prevent fraud and improper use.

Returning to the question of the constitutional amendment, our April editorial said:

"It appears to have been erroneously assumed by the friends of temperance that an amendment of the Constitution of the United States was necessary in order to empower Congress to prohibit, or assume control of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the country. Therefore they have been laboring for the adoption of such an amendment, which is a slow and difficult task requiring for its accomplishment favorable action by a two thirds vote of both branches of Congress and acceptance by the legislatures of three quarters of the states.

"The resolution for a prohibitory amendment introduced and urged in the last Congress by Congressman Richmond P. Hobson of Alabama, was favored by a majority vote in both the Senate and House of Representatives but failed of a passage because it fell a little short of the requisite two thirds.

"Now here is the vital point. While it requires a two thirds vote of Congress to submit a constitutional amendment for consideration by the States, and then a long delay with the final action of the States in doubt, only a bare majority of both Senate and House (without reference to the states) is necessary to make a law that becomes immediately effective.

"It must be assumed that the senators and congressmen who voted last winter in favor of the prohibitory amendment were sincerely in favor of nation-wide prohibition and would have voted for a law designed to accomplish that object, and therefore had it been a proposed prohibitory law, instead of a constitutional amendment, it would have been enacted and we should now have nation-wide prohibition.

"Let us not wait for the slow, tedious and doubtful process of a constitutional amendment, but rather let us demand that Congress, at its next session which begins in December, make a law whereby the National government shall prohibit the sale of liquor for a beverage and shall assume full and effective control of the manufacture sale and distribution of alcohol and alcoholic liquors and restrict their use to mechanical and medicinal purposes."

And I concluded by asking how many of our readers would give their active support to such a campaign by circulating petitions addressed to their Congressmen and Senators if COMFORT will lead the fight and supply the ammunition.

In reply I have received a flood of letters, from every section of the country, expressing hearty approval of COMFORT's stand, urging me to lead the movement and pledging their enthusiastic and active help in circulating the petitions which they asked me to furnish.

Therefore I have prepared the heading for the petitions and you will find one printed at the foot of this page. You can cut it out and paste it on a long sheet of writing paper so to have space for names on the paper below the printed heading. Sign your own name and then pass it round among your neighbors for their signatures. Take this copy of COMFORT along with you so you can explain to your friends just what the petition means and what the movement is designed to accomplish. Write in the name of your Congressman at the top, and after you have got all the names you can on your petition, mail it to him; any time before December it should go to his home address; after the first of December he will be in Washington attending the session of Congress, and if you wait till then it should be sent to him at the "House of Representatives," Washington, D. C. You have plenty of time between now and December to talk this up and get signers; but don't put it off; begin now and keep working until December.

I also have these petitions printed on good writing paper with plenty of blank space below the heading for names of petitioners; they are much neater, requiring no cutting or pasting, and they save you the necessity of mutilating your COMFORT. Three will be sent on request if two cent stamp is enclosed to pay postage; address COMFORT Temperance Editor, Augusta, Maine.

There is a further advantage in having three petitions to circulate at once. One each should be addressed to the two Senators from your state, and the third to the Congressman that represents your Congressional district; thus you can get each petitioner to sign all three petitions at the same time. It is quite as important to petition your two Senators as well as your Congressman. I will mail as many printed petitions as desired to all who send the necessary postage.

I thank you for your kind letters and I am touched by the many expressions of your warm personal regard. Sincerely your friend,

W. H. GANNETT.

Cut this out and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper

Date 1915

Hon. \_\_\_\_\_

U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We believe that the national welfare demands the eradication of intemperance and that, for the attainment of this end, it is the imperative duty of Congress immediately to enact a law abolishing, throughout the United States, the manufacture, importation and sale of alcohol and alcoholic liquors except for medicinal and medicinal purposes under strict regulation and control by federal authority. This can and should be done by exercising the taxing power of Congress against alcohol and alcoholic compounds in manner and form similar to the provisions of the recent federal law regulating the keeping, sale and distribution of opium, cocaine and other habit-forming drugs.

Although the movement for a prohibitory amendment of the U. S. Constitution, which we also favor, is gaining ground, that process is necessarily slow and meanwhile the monstrous evils of the liquor traffic must be overcome by immediate federal legislation.

Therefore we respectfully request that you will vote for, and do your best to secure the passage of a bill to impose a prohibitory federal tax on the manufacture, importation, keeping, distribution, sale and dispensing of alcohol and alcoholic liquors except for medicinal, mechanical, scientific and fuel purposes, and establish control and strict regulation by the federal government over the manufacture, importation, keeping, distribution, sale and dispensing of alcohol and alcoholic liquors for the excepted purposes aforesaid.

NAMES

RESIDENCES

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM COLUMN 1, THIS PAGE.)

play golf. So you see I am not entirely an ornament altogether.

I would like to hear from the cousins, and will answer all I can. Your niece and cousin,

BEATRICE COTTRILL, (League No. 39,420.)

Beatrice, I get hundreds of letters from Ohio. I don't however, select letters with regard to location. Geography has nothing to do with it. I have to instruct, entertain and amuse to the best of my ability and I select those letters which contain subjects or ideas which I can elaborate and use as a basis for profitable discussion. You are too tall for your weight, or rather your weight is not sufficient for your height. Be careful of your diet and masticate your food thoroughly and see if you can gain another ten or fifteen pounds. Watch that temper of yours. Most of you girls want to know how to remove freckles or superfluous hair. You are all deeply interested in externals. None of you however, write and ask how to remove bad tempers. When you feel your temper rising, count five hundred slowly before you say an angry word. I would rather see a man drunk with liquor than a woman drunk with temper. Be temperate in all things. Turn the hose on the temper. In our old Latin text books I remember we used to be told that anger was a brief madness. It's not pleasant to know we have people around who are liable to go insane when the least thing disturbs them. A sweet-tempered girl is altogether adorable. A two-legged volcano, male or female is a nuisance not to be tolerated. Yes, girls can have boy friends without making fools of themselves if they make up their minds to do so. Boys however, as a rule are not satisfied with that kind of a deal, neither are the majority of girls. Many girls are wildly emotional. They are slush, sentiment and emotion run to seed, and it takes a strong hand and wise counsel to keep them from making idiots of themselves. Parents tug one way and boys tug the other and the boy usually has the stronger pull. Our boys and girls on the whole have entirely too much liberty. They see too much of one another. Boys are entirely too fresh, forward and flippancy. One thing our grandfathers knew that their grandchildren don't know. They knew better than to put cigarette smoke into a girl's face. If they had done it, they knew they wouldn't have lived to have done it a second time. The necessity for all women to be self supporting has brought men and women in much closer contact than was the case a generation or two ago, with the result that a lot of the safeguards that hedged a woman, have been broken down. Familiarity at times breeds more than contempt, too often it breeds degeneracy. Today I can see from my window painted and powdered, loudly clad, brazen-faced high school girls, returning home in the afternoon, with narrow-chested, bear-eyed, pasty-faced boys of eighteen, slouching along by their sides. You should hear the loud rancorous laugh of the girls as they listen to some suggestive yarn of their escorts—unlocked young cubs familiar with every form of vice and degeneracy from whiskey to the drug habit. These are the products of city life. And these, God help us, these are to be the fathers and mothers of the coming generation! The whole bunch wants spanking and sending to the reformatory. Ask any of the judges who have charge of juvenile courts in our cities and they will tell you if I am not right. What we want is more discipline and a higher moral tone in the home, more of it in the street, more of it in every walk of our national life. The modern father is too tired or indifferent when he comes home to bother about anything but his eats, his cigar and the evening paper. Everything is pushed onto mother, and she already has more than she can attend to with her home duties. If she tries to assert her authority, she is swept off her feet and there is no one to back her up. Pop doesn't want to be bothered and Pop doesn't care, so the girls and the babbledohy kids roam the streets and know more at fifteen than our grandparents did at fifty. They are old men and old women before they are out of their teens. Of childhood they know nothing and before they are of age there isn't an apple on the tree of life that they haven't tasted and cast aside. It's time someone called a halt. Some strong voices are calling a halt, some school principals are making the girls wash the rouge off their cheeks, and are washing the boys' mouths out and boiling some of the cigarette smoke out of their degenerate hides. The parents are more in need of schooling than children, and our crazy schools ought to train for life instead of business. We are sowing the wind and we will reap the whirlwind all right if we don't watch out.

EDISON JUNCTION, FLA.

# Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

## The Mare and Foal

HERE is no economy in letting the nursing mare depend upon grass alone for the sustenance of herself and foal during July and August. Neither is it good policy to let the mare graze at that time in an unshaded pasture, exposed to the tormenting attacks of flies and often deprived of free access to fresh, cool drinking water. The mare will run down in condition and become weak if so treated and her foal will suffer in consequence. It would be better to turn her out on grass at night and to keep her in a clean, well-ventilated and shaded box stall or shed during the day and there feed her cut green stuff, hay, whole oats and wheat bran. The foal also should be given a chance to eat oats and bran in addition to taking its mother's milk and eating grass and hay. We have seen many a foal stunted permanently by pasturing with its dam upon an exposed, bare-bitten field and deprived of additional feed. It does not pay to keep a mare and have her produce a foal unless the foal is by a good sire and then perfectly developed by adequate feeding and proper management and the mare must pay for her keep by work as well as the production of a foal. The small farm should be worked largely by brood mares, so fed and cared for, and then will have less loss from horses "eating their heads off" during the winter season of idleness.

## Shrink in Milk

Many farmers wonder why a cow that gives twenty to forty pounds of milk in May and June falls away to ten pounds a day or less in July, August and September. These men usually depend entirely upon grass pasture to maintain such dairy cows. At first this pasture is luscious and luxuriant and cows make a big flow of milk from the feed. At that time the grass is a grateful change after dry feed and flies do not bother; but soon the effect wears off, the cow has used up all of her stored energy, flies become a torment, heat adds to the misery and the cow needs some other feed as an adjunct. It is absolutely necessary to supply cows with shade during the heated term of the year, to allow them plenty of cool, fresh water and to add some cut green feed, as a supplement to the grass which is becoming short and dry. Silage specially put up in a separate silo, is now coming into vogue for late summer feeding; or the big silo, not emptied in winter, will supply good silage if kept carefully covered to prevent mold. If silage cannot be given, the cowman should have a patch of oats and peas, sweet corn, vetches, clover or Alfalfa, to cut and throw over the pasture fence for his cows. It is a better plan to feed it in the shed or stable in the heat of the day and then turn the cows out after nine at night. Mosquitoes do most of their biting between seven and nine. Flies torment worst in the hot sun. Cows cannot make a profit from grass grazed in the heat of the sun, or when mosquitoes are biting bad. Use the spray pump and some good fly repellent at such times. Sprinkle borax on the manure heaps and flies will lessen materially. Every cow and horse stable should be screened and darkened and nowadays one sees fly traps of mesh wire commonly in use. Don't blame the cow if she shrinks in milk flow. It commonly is the owner's fault and he is asking of the cow more than can reasonably be expected of her in the way of performance.

## In Case of Colic

So-called "colic" simply means indigestion, accompanied by pain and often by collection of gas in the stomach or large intestines, or stoppage of the intestines with feed, or waste products of feed. Rarely is there anything the matter with the urinary organs. The urine will be passed when the pain subsides. Pain means cramp and cramp means temporary cessation of the motions of the bowels and of the function of the bladder. No medicine is needed for kidney or bladder trouble. The object should be to remove the offending irritating matters from the stomach and intestines, to restore the activity of the bowels and incidentally to relieve pain. Unless this is done the simple attack of colic may run into fatal inflammation of the bowels (enteritis), or the slight stoppage of function into paralysis and impaction. No irritating medicine should be given. Liniment is intended for external use only and so should not be given for colic. Medicine should be given by way of the mouth; never by way of the nostrils. Baking soda is dangerous when there is "sour stomach" and collection of gas. It effervesces in the stomach and causes more gas and the stomach is easily ruptured by such increase of pressure from gas. If a graduate veterinarian cannot be employed at once give the horse from one to two ounces of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil, slowly and carefully from a bottle. Do not give boiled linseed oil; it is poisonous. Rectal injections of soapy warm water are useful; but the sick horse should not be galloped. Following the oil drench, should pain persist while the veterinarian is coming, it will be safe and probably helpful to give such simpler remedies as essence of peppermint and ginger and a good dose of alcoholic stimulant in water. Hyposulphite of soda in two ounce doses may be dissolved in the water in which the stimulant is mixed, if the horse suffers from excess of gas in stomach or intestines.

## Some Summer Pests

LEAF BLIGHT ON BEETS.—This disease makes its appearance during the summer and causes the tops to turn brown and die. It may be kept under control by spraying with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the disease appears and before it has made much headway. It will usually take two or three sprayings to keep it under control.

MAGGOTS IN TURNIPS, RUTABAGAS AND RADISHES.—These are the larvae of a gnat that lays its eggs on the leaves near the ground. When the eggs hatch the maggots burrow into the roots making them wormy. The use of carbon-bi-sulphide has been advocated but though it proves effective it costs too much to be an economical method of control. Practise rotation and never plant these roots on infected fields. It is always a good plan to rotate crops even in so small a plot as the home garden.

BEAN RUST.—String beans, especially the white wax varieties, are frequently troubled with rust. This appears on the pod in the form of a small round brown spot which increases in size and spreads rapidly throughout the field. There is no

practical remedy after the disease has once gotten under headway. It is carried over the winter on the seed and in the soil. Remember this when planting next year and be sure not to plant beans on infected soil. The seed should also be soaked, before planting, in a solution of the following proportions: six ounces copper carbonate, two quarts ammonia and nine gallons of water. Soak for an hour or two.

WEEVILS IN PEAS AND BEANS.—These may be destroyed in the seed but not in the field. If your peas and beans are infested this year, treat the seed with carbon-bi-sulphide in the following manner. Place the seed in a tight box which can be closely covered. Put a pint of carbon-bi-sulphide in an open dish on top of the seed and close the cover. This will evaporate rapidly and kill the weevils as the fumes soak down through the seed. All lights must be kept away as carbon-bi-sulphide is very explosive. The box should be uncovered and the building thoroughly aired before any fire is brought near it.

## Cabbage Pests

At this season of the year in many localities the cabbage crop is suffering from the ravages of cabbage pests. The worst of these are the root maggot, the cabbage worm, the club-root and the black-leg. Each of these is easily recognized as the name suggests.

THE ROOT MAGGOT.—This attacks the plant in the lower stem and roots. It may be kept off, however, by placing a piece of tanned paper, in which a hole and slit have been made, on the surface of the ground so that the stem comes up through the hole.

THE CABBAGE WORM.—This may be controlled in several ways. Spraying with kerosene emulsion, made as described in former issues of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer, is effective. This may be used early before the worms have worked into the head. It kills by contact. Or the worms may be poisoned with Paris green either by spraying or dusting it on the small plants and before they begin to head. Wood ashes or even road dust seem to be effective, also. The fine dust particles get into the breathing pores of the insects and literally choke them to death. All these remedies should be applied before the worms have gone into the head because they are then hard to reach.

"CLUB-ROOT" AND "BLACK-LEG".—There is no known remedy for either of these diseases. They seldom appear the first year that cabbage is grown on a field, but soon become very prevalent in the cabbage growing sections. This fact suggests the most effective control. Practise crop rotation. Don't grow cabbage two years in succession on the same piece of land. Crop rotation is the best known system of controlling all plant disease and insect pests. However, disease resistant varieties of cabbage have been recently developed from which much good may come.

## Keep Cultivating the Corn

The rule used to be to quit "plowing" corn when the leaves got so high that the horses ate them as they worked and it became more and more difficult to get through the rows without breaking down the stalks. That idea is dying out in many corn growing districts. The new plan is to give one or two deep cultivations and then keep at the shallow, surface cultivation and go on cultivating with a single horse and light cultivator, when the corn is above the horses' backs, or thereabout. Such continued, stirring cultivation will insure a crop of corn on land that might yield a failure if not so cultivated. It takes the place of much manure. It makes up for lack of rain. It helps corn to fight its enemies and survive all sorts of troubles and tribulation. It is good to see a man and his women folks so thoroughly in earnest that they are willing to hoe the corn crop hour after hour to keep down the weeds. It is more important to keep in moisture and the horse and cultivator kept going steadily, to stir the surface soil even in hot dry weather, will do more to insure a corn crop than a regiment of women with hoes in hand. Let the women attend to the house-hold affairs, the children, the chickens and maybe the garden; but let the boys and horses "tend the corn", without delving deeply and the profit will be greater in the long run. The time to kill corn land weeds is before the seed is planted and then before the plants are up, or large. Starting on clean, well-tilled land the important thing then is to break up the surface crust after every rain and to keep stirring as often as possible until such stirring can no longer be done. The man who is satisfied with thirty bushels of ear corn per acre cannot afford to do this; anyhow he does not do it. But the man who is willing to put in the work and who does it right will change to the harvester of an eighty to one hundred bushel crop. The boys are doing this. Lots of them in boy corn clubs manage it. Some of them have far surpassed the figures we have quoted. These boys have done as they were told and so they have succeeded. Now it is up to the men to sink conceit, abandon "set ways" and adopt new, sensible, profitable methods of corn production. Good seed, of high germination test, planted properly, at the right time, on properly prepared and fertilized soil and land then kept clean and moist by persistent cultivation, for the conservation of moisture as well as the keeping down of weeds—these are the simple rules for success. Study them and put them into practise.

## Getting Alfalfa Started

If you haven't succeeded with Alfalfa try seedling it in the fall, in July in the Northern tier of states and as late as August or September farther South. First kill all the weeds by early plowing and frequent harrowing and when you have a fine seed bed and the usual summer dry spell is about over, sow the seed. Before sowing, inoculate your field with soil from an Alfalfa field or send to the United States Department of Agriculture for inoculating material with which to treat your Alfalfa seed. Just before sowing spread ground limestone over your field at the rate of four tons per acre. Be sure to select a well-drained spot for your Alfalfa as it will not thrive on a low wet soil.

If the land is not fertile use a complete fertilizer at the rate of a half ton per acre. A mixed fertilizer from the slaughter house, composed of dried blood, ground bone and tankage, is excellent but there is nothing better than barnyard manure for this purpose if it can be had.

## Some Alfalfa Troubles

BLISTER BEETLES.—This is the most annoying Alfalfa pest. It is a small black beetle about an eighth of an inch wide and half an inch long. These beetles sometimes become so numerous as to entirely strip the leaves of small plots of Alfalfa though they seldom damage large fields to this extent. The only remedy is to spray a narrow strip of Alfalfa around the field with Paris green to poison the pests. Of course care must be taken not to harvest any of the poisoned Alfalfa for food for stock.

LEAF SPOT.—Small yellow spots appear on the leaves which soon spread to cover the entire plant. This is a fungous disease and the most serious one that afflicts Alfalfa. The remedy is to clip the field as soon as the spots appear, being careful to rake up this crop and to remove it from the field no matter how small. If left on the field no good results from clipping since when the spores ripen and dry they soon spread to other plants. The new growth will probably be free from the disease.

YELLOW ALFALFA.—Why does Alfalfa turn yellow? There are several answers to this question.

If the soil is low, wet or poorly drained the yellowing may be due to this cause. If the field is high, well drained and fertile the yellowing may be due either to a lack of lime, a sour soil or no inoculation. To settle this question carefully dig up a plant and examine the roots for nodules. If none are present the yellow color is doubtless due to poor inoculation. If nodules are present, test the soil with blue litmus paper. If it turns pink or red then the soil is sour, which is the cause of the poor color. The remedy for sour soil is to apply ground lime.

Yellow Alfalfa may be due to poor soil. Nitrogen gives the dark green color to plants. A lack of nitrogen may be indicated by a yellow color.

A heavy coating of barnyard manure will help in this case. If manure is not to be had try dried blood or tankage or nitrate of soda. However,

if the soil is properly inoculated, the Alfalfa plant can take its own nitrogen from the air and there is no need to use a nitrogenous fertilizer except on a small plot to determine just what the Alfalfa

## Raising Calves on Skim Milk

Many farmers believe that in order to raise good calves whole milk is necessary. Numerous experiments have shown this to be untrue. When milk is skimmed only the butter fat is removed. This is worth thirty cents or so per pound and is a rather high-priced food for stock. It may and should be replaced, however, with some cheaper form of fat food like oil meal. If five or six pounds of oil meal are added to each hundred pounds of separator skim milk it will have about the same feeding value as whole milk. If this is fed warm and sweet to young calves in the same amounts that the calf would get when running with the cow, say twenty to thirty pounds per day, the calf should thrive nearly as well as if running with the cow. It must be remembered that the calf shouldn't be put on this kind of a diet all at once but gradually changed over from one to the other by feeding but a little of the skim milk and oil meal the first day, a little more the next and so on, at the same time reducing the whole milk diet proportionately. A week or ten days is necessary for the change from one feed to the other.

COW NATURE.—Nature intended the young animal to nurse often and take little milk after a time. Man errs by starving a calf to quickly drink a big meal of milk twice a day. Often the milk is cold, or dirty, or sour, or decomposing. Often it is drunk far too fast. Sometimes it is covered with thick, grassy froth. Yet the calf "feeder" wonders why the little beast has a "fit" and dies; or contracts fatal scour; or fails to thrive and fatten; or grow up puny and unprofitable. Just as often he errs by forcing a little calf to eat much coarse hay, straw or fodder. He "feeds" or does not know that nature does not "feed" the calf's stomach (rumen) which latter will be used as a storeroom for coarse roughage and out of which will go such feed to be chewed over, as "cud", until fit for digestion in the fourth stomach. Only the fourth stomach is developed in the little calf and it should take care of small amounts of milk often. Follow nature as to this.

## Some Reasons for Tired Horses

A man driving a team of rather light horses was "stuck" at the bottom of a hill and told the passer-by that one of his horses, or both—he could not decide which—had "balked". The stranger happened to be a city humane officer on summer vacation and his experience led him to ask the driver if he might investigate a little. "Sure," said he; "but a good whip may be the best cure." "You're wrong, friend," said the agent after a quick examination; "guess you didn't notice that your axles are as dry as a bone!" Lack of grease was the trouble. The horses were not to blame and it often is so. When the horses "play out" in the field they may simply need water. The short, labored breathing, the "sun stroke" often mean nothing but lack of water, and near by there is water, and nearer by there is water in the little brown jug for the man, but none for the horse. Then, too, the "playing out" or "petting out" when the horses are mowing hay, or reaping the big grain crop is not always due to the hard work or to the lack of water, or to the hot rays of the sun. It is due to *blunt sickles*. The knives should be made sharp before the cutting season opens and then they should be kept sharp. The man who can best keep his scythe blade sharp, with exactly the right edge for easy cutting, is the man who will cut the cleanest, widest swath and do most in the day and endure best at such work. So it is necessary to keep the mower and reaper knives sharp, and the plow bright and sharp so that it will "scour," and the disks harrow properly sharpened and set and the draft (tugs or traces) properly adjusted so as to make pulling as easy as possible. Tired horses could speak often had they been given a breathing spell now and then, if their harness had fitted better, if they had had more rest at noon, if they had been started earlier in the cool of the morning and worked later at night, with less of the midday torture in the hot sun. Lastly they would have tired less quickly if not allowed to load up with unnecessary hay at noon.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will also aid in getting the answers to your questions. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

## Questions and Answers

CABBAGE AND CUCUMBERS.—How should ground be prepared for successful cabbage growing? I have tried several times, always growing them but fail to succeed. Can you tell me how to cultivate cabbages for a good crop?

Mrs. N. J. S., Jonesboro, Ark.

A. Cabbages require a fertile soil and containing plenty of potash. Thrifty growing plants that fail to head may be due to two causes, poor varieties or too much nitrogen. Try adding a potash fertilizer, wood ash for example, to a part of your patch. If these should head up you have located the cause, lack of potash. Be careful to select early and sure heading varieties. Cucumbers require an abundance of moisture and do best on sandy loam soil. Many people produce a good crop on a small scale by laying a few plants with holes in the ground nearly to the top and planting the cucumbers around it. By keeping the barrel filled with water the plants always have an abundant supply. Of course this method is valuable only for producing cucumbers for home use. It cannot well be applied on

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a commercial scale. The most important thing in the production of cucumbers is to keep the plants supplied with abundant moisture, if necessary by watering or irrigation.

MOLES.—Can you advise me how to get rid of moles that plow through the soil of my garden and destroy many vegetables and flowers?

Mrs. J. R. Kissimmee, Fla.

A.—Sometimes one may by watching see the mole at work and quickly throw it out of its burrow by means of a spading fork and destroy it then and then. Otherwise one has to use mole traps to get rid of the pests. They may be bought at any hardware store or ordered from some firm. When too many live in the garden or flower beds moles are a nuisance because of the disturbance of the soil which they cause, but on the whole they do more good than harm because they feed exclusively on bugs, grubs and worms and it is in search of their food that they plow through the ground. They never eat plants, and if the bugs, grubs and worms were not there in the ground the moles would not bother to work through it.

HOTHOUSE LAMBS.—What is the best time to have lambs dropped for forcing for the early market?

J. F. Ohio.

A.—Bulletin 270 of the agricultural experiment station of your own state gives much useful information on the subject. You should send for a free copy. It states that lambs born in July and August and maintained on clover pasture and a small amount of grain until November 25 and then fed in the barn, were produced at a smaller cost for feed than lambs born in fall and raised in the barn during winter.

USE OF PURPLE MARTINS.—I am sure that martins help to keep hawks from chickens but would like to know whether they are beneficial as insect destroyers. They make a great noise about the farmhouse and city visitors object to this, but we country folks get accustomed to it and I must confess that I like to see the birds come back each spring and chatter about their old building places. Do they eat June bugs, or other hurtful insects?

H. F. G., Wis.

A.—Attract the martins by putting up high, rounded bird houses which cats will not be able to invade. These beautiful, cheery, noisy birds are a boon and a blessing to the farmer by destroying millions of mosquitoes and other small pestiferous flies. They do not eat June bugs, so far as we are aware. Their best work is in mosquito destruction; but it is true perhaps that they help to keep hawks away or tell of their presence. It is a pity about the city folks! In the city they hear a multitude of horrid noises that would about drive them mad. The crows, too, add to the rat-tat and jumble of a thousand trucks and autos and various other nursing sounds. The chattering of the martins should be sweet music compared with such discordant, ear-shattering disturbances.

WHAT C

# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk. block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space; a space is formed by masking a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

## Lily Filet Lace Edging

**T**HIS pattern worked out in a rather coarse ecru crochet cotton without the fan edge can be used as an insertion in sofa pillows, scarfs or table runners; of finer white thread it is very pretty in aprons, towels or under clothes. Begin by masking chain 99 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 2, sk. 2 over 2 chains, 1 d. c. in the next 3rd ch., this forms 1 space, make 11 more sps. in this way. Then 1 block by working 1 d. c. in each of the next 3 sts., 4 sps., 2 blks. or 7 d. c. in next 7 sts., 1 blk., 8 sps., 4 d. c. in last 4 sts. of ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on each of 4 d. c., 7 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—11 sps., 1 blk., 18 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—1 blk., 19 sps., 1 blk., 10 sps., ch. 6, turn.

5th row.—10 sps., 3 blks., 17 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—1 blk., 9 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 9 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 10 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

8th row.—1 blk., 8 sps., 8 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 9 sps., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 4 blks., 10 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

10th row.—1 blk., 16 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., ch. 6, turn.

12th row.—1 blk., 12 sps., 5 blks., 4 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

13th row.—5 sps., 4 blks., 4 sps., 5 blks., 12 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

14th row.—1 blk., 7 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 6 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

15th row.—3 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 15 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

16th row.—1 blk., 8 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

17th row.—3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 6 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

18th row.—1 blk., 6 sps., 6 blks., 1 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., ch. 6, turn.

19th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 4 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

20th row.—1 blk., 7 sps., 2 blks., 9 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

21st row.—5 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

22nd row.—1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

23rd row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk.

24th row.—1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., 6 blks., 7 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

25th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 5 blks., 3 sps., 4 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

26th row.—1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

27th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

28th row.—1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

29th row.—9 sps., 6 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

30th row.—1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 10 sps., ch. 6, turn.

31st row.—16 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., turn.

32nd row.—1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

33rd row.—13 sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3.

34th row.—1 blk., 9 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 3 blks., 14 sps., ch. 6, turn.

Repeat beginning with the 1st row.

## Mile-a-Minute Lace

Requested

1st row.—Ch. 5, join in a ring, ch. 5, turn, 1 tr. c. in ring. \* ch. 2, 1 tr. c. in ring, repeat from \* 4 times making 5 tr. c. in ring, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 tr. c., under second ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 tr. c. in same place, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 tr. c., under ch. 2, \* ch. 2, 1 tr. c., repeat making 5 tr. c., under this ch. 2, 1 tr. c., in third st., ch. 5, ch. 5, turn.

Repeat alternating the 2nd and 3rd rows. This lace can be very rapidly made and is pretty for anything requiring a narrow edge.

Mrs. Floyd Schwartz.

## Knitted Normandy Lace

Requested

Cast on 13 stitches.

1st row.—P. 3, k. 8, p. 2.

2nd row.—N. 1, o., p. 8, o., n. 2.

3rd row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 10, p. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, o., p. 2 tog., p. 4, p. 2 tog., o., k. 3.

5th row.—K. 1, p. 1, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3.

7th row.—K. 1, p. 1, p. 5, k. 4, p. 4.

8th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o., 2, p. 2 tog., o., k. 1, k. 2, tog., o., twice, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

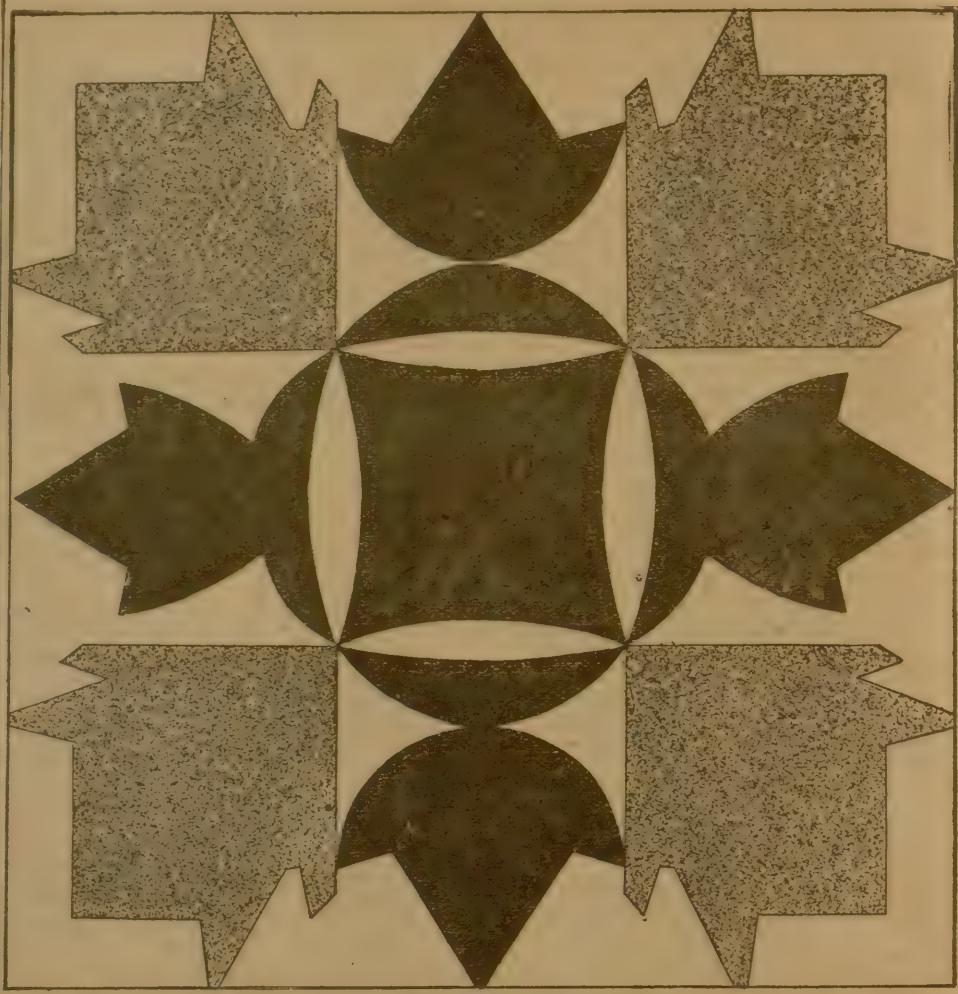
9th row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, k. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 3, k. 2, 2, p. 5.

38th row.—K. 11, leave 38.

39th row.—Sl. 1, k. 10.

40th row.—Bind off 4, k. 44.

This completes one section. Repeat until you have 14 sections then bind off loosely, and



QUILT BLOCK. By Miss Anna Vogel.

Miss Vogel originated this attractive block, but writes that she will leave it for the readers to name. Patterns or samples cannot be obtained.

As designed it is to be made of three colors on white background. Green was used for the corners and turkey red for all the parts shown as black. The pieces are all cut from the colors and hemmed on to the white. This pattern is also very pretty made of red, white and blue instead of the green. Instead of the corner pieces shown diamond-shaped pieces may be substituted and the combination will be equally attractive. Made of light and dark silk and velvet this pattern makes a pretty sofa pillow cover.

If the pieces cannot be shaped exactly the idea in general can be carried out with good results.

Mrs. Mattie Noe, Novinger, Mo., requests patterns of "The Anchor," "Blazing Star" and "Sliding Rock" quilt squares. Please mail direct instead of to the Editor.

10th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., o., p. 3, o. k. 2, tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog.

11th row.—Sl. 1, p. 4, k. 6, p. 3.

12th row.—Sk. 1, k. 2 tog., o., p. 6, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from first row.

join the cast to the cast on edge neatly. If well done the joining will scarcely show. Draw the center up smoothly and fasten closely, so as not to leave any hole.

## Applique Work

Applying lace to lace is an old form of fancy-work now in vogue once more. Many pieces of old lace furnish palm leaf, and other leaf as well as floral designs, that may be cut from the net ground and applied neatly to new net, or else to silk to use as dress trimming, or applied directly to the gown itself.

Very beautiful effects can be obtained by outlining creamy lace appliques with silver thread or gold thread and accentuating certain portions by French knots in the thread of silver or gold. Such pieces make lovely yokes and neck bands, or lovely vests. Coarse, heavy laces, outlined by silver or gold cords, trim tablespreads very handsomely.

Applique work is always in fashion, because it is so effective and easily managed. A beautiful cushion in satin-finish linen of grayish tint had for its decoration appliqued large scarlet urn-shaped water flowers, rising tall and stout on bold stems springing from curving, scroll leaves. The stems and leaves are tinted in soft greens and outlined in long and short stitch in shades of green.

To applique leather, one may use a thin but

## Knitted Circular Doily

Cast on 45 stitches.

1st row.—Slip 1, k. 20, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 1, o., n., k. 2.

2nd row.—K. 21, purl 1, k. 22, leave 2, turn.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 4, o., twice, n., k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2.

4th row.—K. 10, p. 1, k. 32, leave 4.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 18, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 1, (n., o., twice, n.) twice, k. 2, o., n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—K. 9, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 7, p. 1, k. 20, leave 6.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 17, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 2, o., twice, n., k. 5, o., n., o., k. 2.

8th row.—K. 12, p. 1, k. 28, leave 8.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 18, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 15.

10th row.—Bind off 4, k. 15, p. 1, k. 18, leave 10.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 15, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

12th row.—K. 34, leave 12.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 14, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

14th row.—K. 16, p. 1, k. 16, leave 14.

15th row.—Sl. 1, k. 13, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

16th row.—K. 32, leave 16.

17th row.—Sl. 1, k. 12, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

18th row.—K. 16, p. 1, k. 14, leave 18.

19th row.—Sl. 1, k. 11, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 10.

20th row.—Bind off 4, k. 24, leave 20.

21st row.—Sl. 1, k. 10, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., (k. 1, o., n., k. 2) twice, o., k. 2.

22nd row.—K. 11, p. 1, k. 12, leave 22.

23rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 1, o., n., o., k. 2.

24th row.—K. 23, leave 24.

25th row.—Sl. 1, k. 8, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., (k. 1, o., n., k. 2) twice, o., k. 2.

26th row.—K. 11, p. 1, k. 10, leave 26.

27th row.—Sl. 1, k. 7, o., n., k. 8, o., n., o., k. 2.

28th row.—K. 21, leave 28.

29th row.—Sl. 1, k. 20.

30th row.—Bind off 4, k. 14, leave 30.

31st row.—Sl. 1, k. 10, o., n., o., k. 2.

32nd row.—K. 14, leave 32.

33rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, o., n., o., k. 2.

34th row.—K. 13, leave 33.

35th row.—Sl. 1, k. 8, o., n., o., k. 2.

36th

# The Rajah's Daughter

Or, Perils of Love Near a Throne

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

**T**HE troops composing the garrison of Amritsur paraded at seven o'clock next morning according to orders. Nothing unusual was to be observed, as the men took their places, save that the miniature army of horse, foot and artillery appeared to be more profoundly silent even than is customary at a parade of British troops.

It is the rule on the Queen's Birthday of dispensing with the routine drill, to form the troops in line, and after firing three rounds of blank cartridges, to dismiss them at once, so that they may enjoy the holiday in the manner that to each soldier seems proper. This rule was not carried out on the present occasion, to the surprise and uneasiness of the native infantry. Captain Graham by a few simple movements, so arranged the formation that the native troops were in close column of companies, the engineers in the rear and the artillery on both flanks, with the muzzles of their guns turned point blank on the rest less but unsuspecting sepoys. Graham himself, together with the doctor and chaplain, fronted the native troops.

"Good! Splendid, old man," exclaimed the doctor. "I begin to believe that we have at least a fighting chance."

"Hark!" said the chaplain, "what are those cavalry trumpet notes I hear from the hills?"

Graham heard the notes, too, and as a smile of joy illuminated his face, he called in a loud, firm voice:

"Attention!"

The Sepoys sprang to attention, their eyes gleaming ominously and their fingers grasping the stocks of their rifles nervously.

"Ground arms!" commanded Graham.

A movement of surprise, a murmur of disobedience ran through the ranks. The supreme moment had arrived.

"If," said Hector, throwing his eyes over the column and speaking in Hindooostane, "you make the slightest motion unless to obey orders, the artillery on your flanks will blow you to pieces. Now hark! Listen to the trumpet-notes; reinforcements have arrived from Philour. Ground arms!"

As he spoke, the cheery notes of a bugle playing a tan ta ta rang through the morning air, and the gunners on the flanks were ready to fire and deal out destruction, when the Sepoys, like one man, stooped and placed their muskets on the ground. They were then marched outside the cantonments and their accoutrements having been taken from them, were placed as prisoners under guard.

"Mr. Caldwell," said Hector to the telegraph operator. "I see you have returned alone."

"The Philour Garrison has been butchered to a man, Captain, and the Sepoys—all infantry, are marching in this direction. I learned to play the bugle in my dull hours as an operator, and taking in the situation from the hills yonder, I thought a tune would have good moral effect."

Hector Graham smiled and shook the operator's hand. It was the display of such courage and intelligence that saved the empire to the British in the year of our Lord, 1857.

CHAPTER III.

On the Thursday following the events narrated the Resident returned from Lahore, bringing with him a regiment of six hundred men, all Europeans excepting a troop of Sikh cavalry. On approaching the fort this detachment put out a line of skirmishers, assuming that there might be an enemy in possession, judging from the number of field-pieces they had witnessed ready for action. Great, therefore, was their surprise and pleasure when Captain Graham and his orderly met them outside the cantonments.

"Hello, Graham!" said Colonel Osborn, commander of Hector's old regiment, "what's the news?"

"All is quiet in Amritsur, Colonel."

"Sir James," said the Colonel to the Resident, who had come up, "of course you know Captain Graham, the Tiger-Slayer."

"Your native troops have remained loyal, I see," said Sir James, paying no attention to Colonel Osborn, "and Amritsur has escaped the fate of Philour, eh?"

Hector explained the situation in a few words, to which the official listened impatiently.

"You will," he said, "furnish me personally with a full and detailed report of the matter to-night at seven o'clock. I shall make the Rajah's palace my headquarters for the present. Meanwhile, order your commissariat department to provide quarters and rations for this detachment at once. I presume the road between the fort and the palace is safe?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Hector, stung at the manner of his superior, "though I won't answer for it after tomorrow, as I learn the Philour mutineers are marching this way."

While Hector Graham is looking after the welfare of the soldiers from Lahore, let us see what Dowlah Sing, his father-in-law and the Resident's good friend, is doing at the palace. Darkness had fallen, and His Highness of Burrapore paced the veranda in a mood half impatient, half irresolute, looking at his watch at times as if expecting some one, and again halting and stamping his foot, like a man who was making up his mind to something against his will.

"I believe the dog presumes to keep me waiting," he muttered, for the twentieth time; but just then a man glided into his presence, springing, as it were, from some place unknown. This mysterious person was a man of middle age, of medium size, with a benevolent cast of countenance. He made a profound obeisance, and folding his hands before his body, and keeping his eyes on the ground, waited to be addressed.

"Roree Dhak," said the Rajah, in a low voice, "I expected you sooner."

"I did not wish to be seen, your Highness, and bad to—"

"Never mind. You are a Thug, are you not?"

"Yes, your Highness; I am, the same as was my father before me."

"Thugger is to you a means of living?"

"Yes; and it is also my religion."

"You remember that when the Ingral hanged or imprisoned your friends, I gave you a certificate of character."

"Your Highness saved my life."

"Good! I hope you are grateful. Have you a room with you?"

Roree Dhak withdrew a red silken cord from his bosom and replaced it swiftly.

"Listen, Roree Dhak. Tonight, at about nine o'clock, an officer Sahib will leave this palace for the fort."

"I hear, your Highness."

"He must never reach the fort alive."

The eyes of the Thug glistened with a savage hatred and the benevolence that appeared natural to his face gave way to an expression of deviltry terrible to see.

"Your Highness, by our benign goddess, I swear the Sahib shall die."

"Bring me any papers he may have in his possession as a sign that he is disposed of and claim a reward of one thousand gold rupees. But, listen; the deed must be done as near the fort as possible. Go!"

This conversation had been carried on in the audience chamber, to which the pair had withdrawn, and when it was over the Thug backed to the secret door, got behind the curtain and disappeared. Hardly had he gone when the Resident entered, dressed in a light service suit, such as is

worn by officers living in India during the summer season.

"Well," he said, after the usual salutations had been exchanged, "I find that your son-in-law has covered himself with glory, and will share the honors as a hero throughout all India with Major Hodson next week."

This was said in tones of bitterest scorn and hatred.

"Next week," echoed the Rajah, in a hollow voice, "the jackals will be howling over his grave!"

"It is well, your Highness. I trust there will be no mistake. And the fellow being out of the way, I insist upon the marriage being solemnized at once."

"There shall be no delay."

"What dowry will you give with your daughter?"

"One million pounds sterling, and the domain and palace of Burrapore."

"It is a princely dowry, and well becomes the Rajah Dowlah Sing."

"In return," said the Rajah, after a pause, "I ask of your excellency to give me the papers you obtained from Delhi."

The Resident put his hand to his breast, mechanically, and hesitated.

"I shall destroy them tomorrow, after the wedding, in your presence. Business is business. Hush! Here comes Captain Graham."

"You are welcome, my brave friend," said the Rajah. "Sir James and I are about to have a glass of wine and a cigarette. Will you join us?"

"Your Highness will excuse me this time. I may avail myself of your hospitality tomorrow. Indeed, I shall, with your permission, call upon you in regard to a personal matter."

The Rajah and Resident exchanged a lightning glance, and Hector continued:

"At present I have come with a report to Sir James, and must return to the fort in haste. Colonel Osborne, now in command, under his Excellency, of course, would not be surprised at an attack from Philour before daybreak."

"Tell Colonel Osborne, Captain," said the Resident, taking the report handed him by Hector, "that I shall be down myself inside of an hour. Good night."

"Good night, your Excellency. Good night, your Highness," said Hector, saluting respectfully, "but before I go permit me to thank you for the magnificent horses you sent us."

"Ah, I am glad you like them. My daughter, the Princess, went to my summer-place at Secundra, this morning, or I would ask her to thank you once more for your gallant conduct in person."

"She has gone to Secundra, eh?" muttered Hector, as he mounted his horse. "I believe his Highness lies, and that he is conspiring with the Resident against her and me."

His pace down the avenue from the palace was slow, for he was in deep thought. As he entered the gloomy spot not far from the gate where the trees overhung interlaced, a figure advanced from the shade and Graham's horse shied.

"Stand!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his holster and cocking it. "Not another step, or I fire!"

"It is I, sahib—Mahond."

"Ha, Mahond, my good friend, what's the matter?"

"If you will dismount," said Mahond, "I shall hold your horse. Someone in yonder glade desires to see you."

Hector Graham's heart bounded. There could be only one "someone," and, in fact, in a few seconds he was wrapped in the arms of Ajmour.

"Oh, my love, my husband!" she cried in rapture, as she kissed him again and again, "they are conspiring to separate us! But you are a gallant gentleman—a British officer—and you will not allow it!"

"No, by the heavens above us! You are my wedded wife, and there is not power enough on earth to keep me from you. But, Ajmour, your father told me he had sent you to Secundra this morning."

"No, I have been for days shut up in my apartments, watched and guarded, but Mahond kept me informed of what is going on, Mahond, the son of my ayah, effected my escape, and I was about to go down to the fort to seek the protection of my husband, when he informed me you were here."

"It is a good idea, Ajmour, and I shall take you down now and install you as mistress of my bungalow."

Ajmour uttered a cry of joy.

"But," said Hector, as he assisted her to mount a horse kept in readiness for her by Mahond, "isn't my bungalow a poor habitation for a rajah's daughter?"

"Where you are is good enough for me, and so let us depart at once before my escape is discovered."

At a signal from the Princess, Mahond led the way, and the little party was soon scouring the Amritsur road on their way to the fort.

While Hector Graham was escorting his bride to her new home the Rajah and Resident sat in the audience chamber, facing each other and smoking their cigarettes in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. The Resident despised the Rajah, but he coveted his wealth and the prestige a connection by marriage with him would bestow when one day he would go home and be made a peer of the realm not to speak about the *furor* the beauty of his wife would create in English society.

The Rajah, likewise, hated the Resident. This hatred was a personal one, for the official was arrogant, insolent, and almost brutal in his dealings with him—the Rajah of Burrapore, a descendant of Nadir Shah. If the rebellion now raging made much more headway, he, in common with other semi-independent princes, would join the winning side, and then woe betide Sir James Luders, were he ten times his son-in-law.

"Had these miserable wretches in Amritsur," thought the Rajah, as much nerve as their comrades of Philour—but let us wait."

"Don't you think," asked the Resident, presently, "that your messenger should be here before now with news?"

"It is surely time, your Excellency; but listen! What noise is that?"

"Volleys of musketry, by heaven! And, hark! Cannon firing from the hills. The mutineers from Philour must have arrived soone than expected and been joined by native artillery from Allambeg."

The Rajah rose from his seat and went to the window. He appeared greatly excited.

"Your Highness," said Sir James, "I must hasten to the fort at once. It would never do to have the Resident of the Punjab sit still while fighting was going on a mile away."

"Shall I order an escort for you?"

"No. It would take time. The road between here and Amritsur is perfectly safe in your hands. I shall be here in the morning to complete our arrangements, for, of course, the mutineers will be beaten off."

The Resident mounted and galloped furiously down the avenue, and the Rajah heaved a sigh of relief as the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance. Then he grew uneasy at the unaccountable delay in the appearance of Roree Dhak.

"I hope," he soliloquized, "that the Thug has done his work. He has never failed me up to this if there is a mishap now, I shall have to show my hand before I am ready. I am almost sorry I did not slay the dog of a Resident where he sat, and drag those terrible papers from his breast."

Meantime, the minutes flew past and the firing continued. The Rajah, chafing with impatience as was his habit when irritated, walked rapidly up and down, this time taking the piazza for



his promenade, until nine o'clock, when the figure of a man seemed to rise up out of the ground in front of him.

"It is I, Roree Dhak, your Highness," whispered the Thug. "Your enemy has perished. The great goddess Kali has been favorable."

The Rajah entered the palace, followed by the Thug.

"Where are the proofs, Roree Dhak, that you have executed your commission?"

"Here they are, your Highness," replied the Thug, placing a gold watch and a number of papers in the hands of his master.

"Go into that room, slave, and stay there till I call you."

The Rajah entered the palace, followed by the Thug.

"The Thug disappeared, and Dowlah Sing examined the papers with a dubious expression of countenance. As he proceeded, his face took on a ghastly pallor, his eyes protruded almost from

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

## Home Dressmaking Hints

### Forecasts for Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



**M**ANY of the new and pretty gowns are made by hand, or trimmed with hand run tucks, frills, ruchings, ruffles and exquisite embroidery.

The woman who is deaf at needlework may have lovely dresses at small outlay for decoration.

One may wear anything this season providing it is becoming and chic.

For evening wear, much dark blue is used usually in tulle relieved with some metallic trimming. Gold and silver are also used.

Skirts flare, flare with much width, and bodices are shaped more than last season. When skirts are not so constructed that they are held out by shirred cordings or frilled petticoats worn underneath.

Some skirts are made with narrow foundations and wide overskirts that are drawn up in front and back to show the under portion.

Pretty dance frocks of embroidery, organdie and chiffon are shown.

Checked and striped taffetas are nice for summer dresses. They come in almost any color and white, and in all two-toned effects.

Children's dresses are equally quaint and attractive as those for their elders. There are suspender styles, over blouses, dresses so charmingly simple, with guimpes of crepe or lawn, dresses with French waists, and double skirts. Also ruffles, frills and flounces on waists and skirts.

#### Pattern Descriptions

**ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH**  
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

**1316**—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This pattern is lovely for the new linens in white or any pretty shade of tan, rose, lavender or blue. Gingham, chambrey, linene, crepe, seersucker, batiste or lawn, are also appropriate.

Cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires for a 16-year size, four and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

**1008**—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Dotted lawn was used for this model. It is equally good for chaline, crepe, ratine, rice cloth, voile, dimity, or silk. The design is cut without a shoulder seam.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

**1318**—Boys' Blouse Suit with Trousers having straight lower edge. The blouse is made with a coat closing, and finished with a wide belt. The sleeve has narrow tucks at the wrist. For white linen, striped gingham, galatea or seersucker this style is excellent. It is also nice for serge, flannel, cheviot, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in four sizes: three, four, five and six years. It requires three and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a four-year size.

**1308**—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Gray and white striped percale was used, in this instance. The waist is cut with low neck outline, and a rolling collar. The sleeve in wrist length is dart fitted. In short length it is finished with a shaped cuff. The skirt a four-gore model has a lap back at the front seam.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

**1026**—Girls' One-piece Dress with long or short sleeve in raglan style. This model is easy to develop. A shaped yoke band trims the neck edge; this may be omitted. The pattern is good for galatea, gingham, chambrey, lawn, crepe, batiste, linen or dimity. It will develop equally well in cloth or silk.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

**1328**—Ladies' Shirt-waist, with convertible collar. This chic and becoming model is excellent for madras, linen, chambrey, crepe, batiste or lawn. The back extends slightly over the front in yoke effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. In size 36 the pattern will require two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

**1107**—Ladies' House Dress with reversible closing. This model is good for percale, gingham, lawn, drill, linene, seersucker or galatea.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

**1266**—Set of Baby's One-piece long clothes with front closing. Including a wrapper, sacque, barra coat and slip. The body portions of the garments are cut in one piece. Cambrie, longcloth, nainsook or lawn may be used for the slip and flannel or flannelette for barra coat, wrapper and sacque. It will require for the sacque three quarters yard of 27-inch material. For slip, two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material, for wrapper two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material. For barra coat one and one eighth yard of 40-inch material.

**1323**—"Junior" Dress, with under waist, and with two styles of sleeve in high or low neck outline. It may be finished with the skirt in raised or normal waistline. The pattern as here shown was developed in white grenadine with embroidery in self color.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14, and 16 years. A 16-year size will require two and one quarter yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe or underwaist, and four and one half yards of 44-inch material for the dress.

**1324**—Ladies' Sleeves. The styles are good for cloth, serge, taffeta, poplin, china silk, madras, gingham and linen.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium and large. No. 1 will require two yards of 40-inch material. No. 2, one and five eighths yards of 27-inch material. No. 3, one and one quarter yard of 40-inch material. No. 4, one and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for one pair of sleeves in either size.

**9904**—Ladies' "Over All" Apron. The waist and sleeve portions are cut in one. The skirt has five sections slightly gored, and is joined to the waist under a belt. Gingham, percale, drill, chambrey, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

**1315**—Girls' Middy Dress with skirt attached to a separate waist. Embroidered and plain voile are here combined. This model is good for all wash materials. It may be made with the fullness of the blouse "belted in" or in loose style. The skirt has plaited fullness in front, and is attached to an underwaist that may be of lawn or lining.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It will require three yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

**1307**—Ladies' Corset Cover and Petticoat. This style is good for lawn, crossbar muslin, dimity, cambrie, batiste or silk. The skirt may be made without the ruffle.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size, without the ruffle.

which will require three and five eighths yards of embroidery.

**9906**—Ladies' Night Dress in round or square neck edge. Cambrie, crossbar muslin, dimity, nainsook, crepe or silk are popular materials for garments of this kind, with trimming of embroidery edging or lace.

Cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

**1325**—Girls' Over-blouse Dress with guimpe. This style is lovely for plain or embroidered

linens, for cool dimity, organdie, lawn, challie, gingham or chambrey. The guimpe could be of crepe or lawn.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material, with one and seven eighths yards for the guimpe of 27-inch material for a 10-year size.

**1320-1317**—A Trim and Comfortable Combination. This comprises a smart shirt-waist made from Pattern 1320 and a stylish skirt developed from Pattern 1317. For the waist, which is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, crepe, taffeta, wash silk, batiste, linen, lawn or madras could be used. The skirt in convert cloth, Shepherd check, in wool or cotton material, linen, gingham, ratine, serge or voile would be suitable.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The waist re-

quires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. This calls for two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

**1310**—Ladies' Dressing or Lounging Robe. It is made with the back of the waist overlapping the front at the shoulders and the skirt is shirred, and finished with a deep heading.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires six and three eighths yards of 24-inch material for a medium size.

**1306**—Ladies' "Middy Apron" to be slipped over the head, or closed at the back. Dotted percale, with trimming of white linens is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambrey, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It may be finished with or without a collar in sailor style.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

**1313-1256**—A Pleasing Combination. The waist pattern 1313 is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It includes the bolero. The skirt pattern 1256 is also cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt is circular in shape, and closes under the tuck lap in front. It may be finished in raised or normal waistline. The waist is lovely for combinations of materials, and may be made without the bolero. It requires three and one half yards of 48-inch material for bolero and skirt, and two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the under waist for a medium size. This calls for two separate patterns at 10c for each pattern.

**1277**—Ladies' Bib Apron. Percale, cambrie, drill, sateen or alpaca could be used for this style. The bib portion is gathered at its lower edge, and has strap ends over the back.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

**1327**—Ladies' Costume with convertible collar, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. White or colored linens would be ideal for this style, also gingham, lawn, corduroy, ratine, chambrey, poplin, voile, taffeta or serge.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

**1314**—Child's Rompers. This style is good for galatea, linen, linene, percale, gingham or chambrey. It is cut with the waist front and body portion combined, and with back portion in two sections, waist and body.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

**1305**—Dress for Misses and small women with body lining, with long or short sleeve, and with raised or normal waistline. Light blue silk grenadine was used for this design. The shirrings are corded, and the added trimming at the neck is of soft dotted chiffon. The skirt may be finished without the heading. The waist fullness is arranged on a body lining.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

**1110**—Girls' Over-blouse Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid woolen in soft brown tones combined with tan cashmere is here portrayed, with white linene for trimming. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

**ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH**  
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#### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

your answers I thought to write you in regard to a matter which has been constantly on my mind for several years. The question is this:

Do you think a gentleman loves a lady when he has been keeping company with her for several years, although he has not said one word about marriage?

I have heard that he does not intend to marry as long as his mother lives, but he has not said so much to me.

I honestly believe if I would allow other gentlemen to call, that he would be more attentive. He is a gentleman in every respect.

For fear that I will make my letter too long and by so doing it will reach the waste basket I will close.

Hope to see this in print with your opinion in regard to the above.

Very sincerely,

ANXIOUS.

Anxious, my dear, I thoroughly understand your position and why your mind is troubled, and you have good reason to be troubled. I may tell you candidly I don't believe in these long-winded engagements any more than I do in those rapid fire marriages. That gentleman friend of yours doubtless loves you after a fashion, but it isn't the kind of fashion that would appeal to me if I were a girl. If I were in love with a girl and able to support her, not all the fathers and mothers on earth could keep me from marrying her. No mother, precious and dear as she may be, has any right to spoil her son's life, and mother love, sweet, holy and glorious as it is, can never replace or be a satisfactory substitute for wife love in the heart of a real man. When a real mother sees her son is in love with a girl, it's up to her to say: "Now son, if you really love that girl, you marry her. I love you too well to stand in the way of your happiness, and you've no right to spoil her chances of marrying someone else by keeping her dangling around your heels on my account. I may live another twenty years and is it right for me to expect you to remain single all that time? I would be no real mother of yours if I asked you to make any such sacrifices for me. If there is any sacrifice to be made I am the one that should do it. Another thing I'm not only marring your and your sweetheart's future, but if she understands that you won't marry her until I die, I shouldn't blame her for wishing me out of the world as soon as possible, for selfish people have no right in the world anyway, and if I stand between you and her happiness, I am selfish. Bring her home and I will be a mother to her. If that is not satisfactory, start a nest of your own but marry you must or give that girl her freedom." Now that to my idea at least is a position a real woman would take. When a man is poor and cannot do more than support himself, but is doing his level best to improve his circumstances so that he can take a wife and make her a home, then a fairly long engagement is not only excusable, but desirable, but where nothing blocks the way except an admirable, but false conception of duty to mother, that bar should be removed, and if the man won't remove it, treat him just as you would the rest of your friends. Invite others to call, and if that perfect gentleman has any real love for you, he'll be so wildly jealous the first time he hears you telling him you have another engagement and sees you later hiking off to the movies with another gink that he'll buy you a weding hoop as big as a curtain pole ring, and he'll be hauling you before a minister without giving you a chance to powder your nose or put your shoes on. When a man goes out hunting it isn't the shooting of the deer that gives him the keenest pleasure, but the excitement of the chase. When the deer is captured he forgets all about it. The excitement is over. Pretty Miss Anxious, this guy thinks he has you lashed to the mast. Whatever excitement there was in running you down has long since evaporated. He regards you as much his property as he would if

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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By KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

## Preparing for Winter Layers

**A**RE you thinking of next winter's eggs? It is quite time to select a laying stock. Go carefully through the young birds, and pick out the bright, energetic-looking pullets. If possible, allow them free range, and small, clean houses which will hold fifteen or twenty without crowding. Place thirty or forty feet apart on a side-hill—the ideal condition. But if you can't have small houses on the side-hill you must contrive some place away from the older and younger birds, and make sure that it is free from vermin. Pullets must be well cared for right now or they won't make good layers next winter. It is just a waste of time and money to rear young chicks carefully and feed hens heavily in winter, if there has been an intermediate period of neglect, and unfortunately the majority of ordinary farmers do let the half-grown stock run down. By neglect, I mean carelessness in the matter of fighting vermin, supplying cool water in hot weather, and proper food. Nothing but corn, won't do for growing birds. They want, or rather must have, material to make bone and muscle. Build a good strong frame, and it is comparatively easy to get eggs in winter. If you don't believe what a difference this intermediate care makes, just try the experiment with ten healthy youngsters this season. Put them in a quarantine coop for two weeks, and powder them every other night, then remove to a clean house. Give them free range, let them have ground oats, barley, wheat and meat scraps for breakfast. Supper, wheat or wheat and oats. Keep fresh water in clean vessels always before them in a shady place, and just watch them grow. It will, I am sure, convince you of the desirability of following my advice. About the first of October all the laying stock young and old, should be put into their permanent winter quarters, for changing fowls from one house to another often upsets them, and interferes with the egg-yield. One year, a house intended for young pullets was not finished until the end of November. Several of them had commenced to lay, but after they were moved, not an egg was found until late in December. Other years, birds from the same stock hatched at about the same time, and receiving the same care, have usually been laying regularly by the end of December, so I am positively convinced it is a mistake to delay winter housing until winter is really with us. About October 1st commence winter rations, breakfast, seven o'clock; mash made of chopped clover hay, oats and corn, ground together—two quarts of hay, to one of ground feed. Give what the birds will eat up clean every fifteen minutes, then scatter a pint of rape and meal mixed, or finely-cracked corn in the scratching material on the floor. Lunch, eleven o'clock; ground green bone or meat scraps if it is not possible to get fresh bones, cabbage or other green food, and a little more small grain, scattered as before. Supper, five o'clock; corn and oats mixed until cold weather, then omit the oats and increase the quantity of corn. Provide plenty of sand-baths (shallow boxes filled with clean, dry earth, placed in sunny parts of the house) sharp grit and clean water. A pan of skimmed milk whenever you have it to spare, but don't think milk takes the place of water. Remember if you neglect the pullets now, they won't be profitable through the winter.

One of the most difficult problems which the poultry keeper has to meet is that of keeping his poultry houses and stock reasonably free from lice, mites and other external parasites.

In keeping a poultry plant free from lice there are two points of attack; one, the birds themselves; the other, the houses, nest boxes, roosting boards, etc.

In using any kind of lice powder on the birds themselves, it should always be remembered that a single application of powder is not sufficient. When there are lice present on a bird there are always unhatched eggs of lice (nits) present, too. The proper procedure is to follow up a first application of powder with a second at an interval of four days to a week. If the birds are badly infested at the beginning it may be necessary to make still a third application. To clean the cracks and crevices of the woodwork of houses and nests of lice and vermin a liquid spray or paint is probably the most desirable form of application.

A splendid lice powder may be made at a cost of only a few cents a pound in the following way: Take three parts of gasoline and one part of crude carbolic acid; mix these together and add gradually with stirring, enough plaster of Paris to take up all the moisture. The liquid and the dry plaster should be thoroughly mixed and stirred so that the liquid will be uniformly disturbed through the mass of plaster. When enough plaster has been added the resulting mixture should be a dry, pinkish brown powder having a fairly strong carbolic odor and a rather less pronounced gasoline odor.

Do not use more plaster in mixing than is necessary to blot up the liquid. This powder is to be worked into the feathers of the birds affected with vermin. The bulk of the application should be in the fluff around the vent and on the ventral side of the body and in the fluff under the wings. Its efficiency, which is greater than that of any other lice powder known to the writer, can be very easily demonstrated by anyone to his own satisfaction. Take a bird that is covered with lice and apply the powder in the manner just described. After a lapse of about a minute, shake the bird, loosening its feathers with the fingers at the same time, over a clean piece of paper. Dead and dying lice will drop on the paper in great numbers. Anyone who will try this experiment will have no further doubt of the wonderful efficiency and value of this powder.

For a spray or paint to be applied to roosting boards, nest boxes or walls and floor of the hen-houses the following preparation is used: Three parts of kerosene and one part crude carbolic acid. This is stirred up when used and may be applied with any of the hand spray pumps or with a brush.

In both of these formula it is highly important that crude carbolic acid be used instead of the purified product. Be sure and insist to the druggist on getting crude carbolic acid. It is a dark brown, dirty looking liquid, and its value depends on the fact that it contains tar oil and tar bases in addition to the pure phenol (carbolic acid.)

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address to Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

## Correspondence

F. K.—I have a valuable young turkey gobbler that got sick in the early winter. He first got stiff in the legs and spends most of the time standing around alone, is drawn up and plumage is rough. His knees are too stiff to sit down easily, he tries a long time and finally comes down with great force. When walking there is a sound in the internal organs much like water

shaking in a bottle. His head is pale and he has not grown since he has been ill. The droppings look healthy and his appetite is good and he is in good weight. I feed oats, millet seeds and a little corn, also sour milk. There are no bruises or sores on legs and he has had no diseases among my birds. The market does not roost with the other birds but acts as if in pain when walking or flying. He had worms early in the fall.

A.—The gobbler must have intestinal trouble. Probably the result of inherent weakness. Such birds are dangerous to other stock and hardly ever pay for the trouble of doctoring. In justice to the rest of the birds I advise you to kill him. Worms, weak digestion and rheumatic tendencies are best cremated.

An Old Reader.—I have had a lot of trouble with my chickens. I have an incubator and have hatched a lot but have lost money. The first signs I saw of their being sick was their eyes shut and they could not open them. I have a home-made brooder; I got the plan out of COMFORT. I feed them several kinds of feed, give them a hot mash in the morning, through the day fine chick feed, corn-meal made up with butter-milk, green lettuce and onions but these are my first incubator chickens and I do not know if it is something I have given them or not.

A.—If you are using the fireless brooder with a cotton batting pad at the top the trouble may be caused by dampness unless you are careful to take the pad out every day and air it thoroughly. There is a great deal of moisture from the birds' breath during the night and it all collects in the padding above them and if it is not dried each day the atmosphere probably becomes damp and dangerous. Don't feed any mash in the morning and never feed warm food. Scatter chick feed in the litter during the day so that the chicks have to run about and hunt for it. This encourages them to take exercise and prevents them from filling their crops. About four o'clock in the afternoon give a mash made of ground oats, barley and wheat that has been moistened with scalding hot water early in the morning and allowed to steam for several hours. Just before feeding add a little hard-boiled egg which has been chopped without removing the shell, or liver which has been boiled for about ten minutes and be sure that they always have plenty of clean shop sand or fine gravel always before them.

N. H. O.—I would like to know what caused the death of one of my White Leghorns of which I have seven. They started laying in January. For about two weeks I got two to four eggs a day then they stopped laying and haven't laid any eggs since the last week in January, until the first week in March and the twelfth I found one of my pullets dead. I opened her to see if I could find out what caused her death and I found her liver to be between two and one half or three inches wide and four inches long. She looked healthy in every way, all but her comb, about in the middle of it almost as big as a pea was cracked and looked like a chapped hand cracked open. At the top of the liver was a spot about as big as a quarter that was full of little white spots. I could not find a sign of an egg in her.

A.—I cannot give you any very helpful advice about the flock of pullets because you have not told me how old they are or how you feed them. The one which died had the symptoms of the disease which in turkeys is called blackhead. Read "Poultry Farming" in

between feedings. A setting hen fed on mash or small grain, is almost sure to develop bowel trouble. You will gain nothing by putting permanganate or epsom salts in the drinking water, for your hens are underfed not overfed. Clean nests and powdering the hens before they are set, and once a week whilst they are setting, has much to do with keeping them on the nest.

T. R.—My chickens lay soft-shelled eggs, although they have plenty of grit to eat. I feed oyster-shells every day, also poultry tonic in the water. They also eat the eggs when they crush them. The chickens seem to be healthy for none of them stay on the roosts in the daytime. Please advise me.

A.—The constant use of tonics or stimulants, foods or powders, irritate the egg organs, and frequently cause hens to lay soft-shelled eggs. An over-fat condition or worms also have the same effect. Hens will usually eat eggs if they are broken, the worse of it is if they once acquire the habit, they become egg eaters and will lay soft-shelled eggs until they break them. Stop using the tonic, and feed as recommended for pullets in the beginning of this article, and keep a constant watch for eggs, so that you can remove them before they get broken.

J. A. J.—I have eight Barred Plymouth Rock hens.

One by one they seem to get sick and droopy and dull.

They seem to be straining often for discharge and there is a thin, watery discharge, and nearly constant running discharge from the vent.

A.—You do not give me the hens' age or tell me if they have been laying, but as the discharge is white and constant, I fear it is the beginning of vent-gleet, which usually develops from an egg being broken in



FEEDING GROWING STOCK IN FREE RANGE COOPS.

COMFORT last March and write me more fully.

A. G. H.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT and should consider it a great favor if you will publish directions "Trap Nest" home-made in your next COMFORT number.

A.—I will try to oblige you by publishing instructions for making a simple "Trap Nest" within the next few months. We did publish one some time last year. Perhaps if you have your back numbers you can find it.

J. R. J.—Will you please tell me which chickens are the best layers and which are the best for table use?

A.—Leghorns are supposed to be the best layers but for a general purpose fowl I don't think there is anything as good as the White Wyandotte. They lay well all through the winter and make splendid table birds either as fritters or roasters.

D. S. G.—I get much good from COMFORT Poultry Department and ask for more information. I have heard it said that Nux Vomica would kill hawks if fed to chickens if the chicks were eaten by the hawks. Is this true, if so, how should it be fed? Would it render the fowl unfit for table use while it was being fed?

A.—I am going to raise poultry for market and I would like to know the best breed for that purpose. I will use an incubator and brooder. I have never had any experience and it seems that some breeds are harder to raise than others.

A.—If you gave chicks sufficient of any kind of drug to kill hawks that might eat them, it would most certainly kill the chicks first. Cleanliness and good food are the best factors in keeping fowls healthy. Never use drugs unless you have to fight some disease. (2) Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes are the best general purpose fowl as they lay well and grow quickly.

F. J. W.—I have a gobbler who has a large lump under left eye, has been this way since Christmas. His eye is swollen shut and runs a little water. Have treated for roup with no success. He is healthy otherwise, eats good and is lively. None of the others have taken it. His nostrils were closed for a while with a cold. Could the lump be matter, that could not escape, and hardened? Is he fit to eat and what shall I do to cure him?

A.—I think the gobbler must have received some injury, which has caused the growth of a tumor. Open the lump with the blade of a small pocket-knife, which must be very sharp, press out any pus or hard substance that may be in it, then bathe freely with warm water and permanganate of potassium; one teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of water makes the solution so strong, that one teaspoonful of it diluted with five teaspoonsful of water is about the right strength to use as a wash in all such cases. Keep the wound open for a few days, washing with the diluted permanganate solution every day. Keep the bird confined in a clean coop with proper treatment. Personally I would not like to do this for the bird for food. You have not given me any idea of the hen's condition, so it is difficult to say what caused the disease, but most probably it was cancer or roup cold. In all such cases it is best to be on the safe side and treat for roup, as an ordinary cold may develop into contagious roup if not checked in the early stages.

C. A. S.—What can I do for my chickens, they have a rattling in their throat. The hens I set usually stay on the nest only about a week and then their bowel lets loose. The discharge is greenish in color. I have lost none lately but their combs look pale and they have no life. I have been putting permanganate of potassium in the water, and I feed a warm mash of bran and scraped every morning. I am also going to try Epsom salts in their feed as soon as I can get some, and will also disinfect with lime.

A.—I think your hens are run down or troubled with lice or mites. Unless you have a great quantity of scrapes to mix with the bran, it is a very poor food except when used in conjunction with corn or other rich fat making foods. Mash should never be fed warm and setting hens must not have mashes of any kind. Give them whole corn when they come off the nest. It takes longer to adjust and sustain them for the long hours



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between feedings. A setting hen fed on mash or small grain, is almost sure to develop bowel trouble. You will gain nothing by putting permanganate or epsom salts in the drinking water, for your hens are underfed not overfed. Clean nests and powdering the hens before they are set, and once a week whilst they are setting, has much to do with keeping them on the nest.

T. R.—My chickens lay soft-shelled eggs, although they have plenty of grit to eat. I feed oyster-shells every day, also poultry tonic in the water. They also eat the eggs when they crush them. The chickens seem to be healthy for none of them stay on the roosts in the daytime. Please advise me.

A.—The constant use of tonics or stimulants, foods or powders, irritate the egg organs, and frequently cause hens to lay soft-shelled eggs. An over-fat condition or worms also have the same effect. Hens will usually eat eggs if they are broken, the worse of it is if they once acquire the habit, they become egg eaters and will lay soft-shelled eggs until they break them. Stop using the tonic, and feed as recommended for pullets in the beginning of this article, and keep a constant watch for eggs, so that you can remove them before they get broken.

J. A. J.—I have eight Barred Plymouth Rock hens. One by one they seem to get sick and droopy and dull.

They seem to be straining often for discharge and there is a thin, watery discharge, and nearly constant running discharge from the vent.

A.—You do not give me the hens' age or tell me if they have been laying, but as the discharge is white and constant, I fear it is the beginning of vent-gleet, which usually develops from an egg being broken in

now come to you for help. All at once our chickens got sick and stopped laying. This is the way they do. Begin with a small swelling in about the center of their wattles, then keep getting larger until the swelling goes clear back to their ears and under the throat. They look very pale. The swelling is not a hard swelling as in roup, but soft as if full of air. They have free range, run to green Alfalfa, clear water and feed corn. Just on a new homestead with new buildings.

A.—This is a case which I do not understand. I have never seen or heard of anything like it. Swelling, starting on the wattles and spreading down under the throat in such a way as you describe, is very puzzling. If any of our readers have had any experience of the same kind, I should be very glad to hear from them.

E. E. K.—Last fall a new disease appeared in my flock, which I had never heard of before. A White Leghorn hen about two years old, which was affected with a bubbly vent, she would eat and drink and seem real well, but as I could stand the offensive smell no longer, I killed her; later two of my best roosters took the disease and made rapid headway for death, but have not had any more trouble since. Will you tell me what the disease is called and what to do for it? (2) Will you explain line breeding? What is the proper age to caponize a male bird? Will a capon become broody and hatch little chicks? Please give me some advice about the ventilation in my henhouse. I house one hundred and twenty-five hens in a twenty-four by twelve-foot building, with perches the entire length of the building and one and one half feet apart.

A.—Read answer to J. A. J. Your hens and the roosters had advance vent-gleet. (2) Line breeding means carrying down through several generations one strain of blood. For example if you have an exceptionally good male bird, mate him to hens especially selected to enhance his good points, and continue to use the male progeny of such mating. Sometimes mating the pullets back to the sire, and the cockerels back to the dams for one or two seasons, to thoroughly establish the point you wish to emphasize in the strain of birds. To follow line breeding successfully you should have a great deal of scientific knowledge, and be very sure of the points you wish to perpetuate, and under all circumstances it requires common sense and great care not to allow your crossing to become inbreeding, for if you do the vigor of male birds are affected. The best time to operate on male birds are when they are about three months old. Capons never get broody, but they are very quiet and if shut up in a small coop for a few days they will often accept small chicks if given to them at night, and brood them as well as any old hen. You are keeping a great many hens in a house of the dimensions you give, and I think you will find it better to take out all the windows and cover the opening with unbleached muslin.

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## Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a will in favor of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More, with wealth surrendered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed, charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and if it is all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitter, who requests her not to tell Edna he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelope them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die. Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her green shawl. Leaving him upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitter comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief. Cyril returns and seeing the agony in Edna's face implores her to tell him the cause. She upbraids him for the wrong he has done. Filled with remorse he parts from her. She tries to call him back; it is too late.

Mr. Richard Burdon and Edward More, brother of Sir Cyril More, in legal consultation, learn the contents of John Weston's will and the fortune awaiting Sir Cyril More which Edward More regrets.

Aunt Martha and Edna are announced as survivors to Mr. Burdon reading the will to Edna, he explains its purpose.

John Weston, grateful to Sir Charles More, who saves him from financial ruin, and desirous to enrich his descendants, devises the scheme of disposing of his vast wealth by the marriage of his niece Edna Weston to Sir Cyril More,—the fortune going to either Edna Weston or Sir Cyril More or to both in equal shares on one condition, that they become man and wife, leaving each free to decline or accept, without depriving the other of his or her chance of it. The choice resting with Sir Cyril. Mr. Burdon sends for him. He comes reluctantly not knowing a fortune awaits him or the conditions to which he must comply.

### CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED.)

**C**YRIL made an impatient movement. "Hadn't you better write to me, Burdon?" he said; "I leave it all to you—do what is proper in the matter, and let me go. I will send my address."

And he actually rose to go with wistful weariness which astounded and distressed the lawyer.

"Stop!" he said; "one moment, Sir Cyril. Great Heaven! you surely cannot be so indifferent—I can't let you go, Sir Cyril, until I've explained this matter; besides, I've got Miss Weston upstairs."

"Miss Weston!" exclaimed Cyril; "do you tell me she has anything to do with this?" and he stopped full short and stared at the bewildered face of the lawyer.

"Yes; do you know her, then?" asked Mr. Burdon.

"One question at a time," said Cyril, gravely; "you have not answered mine fully yet."

Then he sat down again and waved his hand.

"Tell me all—why don't you tell me all?"

Mr. Burdon, with a patient sigh, resumed his seat, and with a good deal less prolixity than he had indulged in up-stairs, went over the same story.

When he came to the condition he paused a little and watched his client's downcast and firmly set face with anticipatory enjoyment.

"There is only one condition, Sir Cyril—only one, and John Weston's money is yours, and that is that you marry his niece, Edna Weston."

"What!" exclaimed Cyril, springing to his feet and confronting the astonished and somewhat alarmed lawyer, with a face on which conflicting emotions struggled for expression.

"What! I—marry—Edna Weston?" and his face flushed a bright crimson that almost restored to it its old, light-hearted expression.

"That is it," said the lawyer, "and it is not a very hard condition, Sir Cyril, as you will admit when I have the pleasure and honor of introducing you. I may say, with all respect and sincerity, that a more charming, a more beautiful young girl I never saw! Ah!"—and he rubbed his hands slowly—"many a man would deem her hand alone, without all it carries with it, a fortune good enough for the gods. Sir Cyril, may I be permitted to congratulate you?"

And he turned with a congratulatory smile of the most pronounced type.

But Sir Cyril did not appear to hear him; he was lost in deepest meditation, his head resting on his hand, his lips set tight. Presently he got up and paced to and fro, and at last stopped before the lawyer, his face quite pale and stern, as if he had come to a quite pale and stern stand between the fortune and the rightful inheritor—himself.

(Signed) "CYRIL MORE."

Edward More sprang from his chair, and stood grasping the back of it and gasping for breath.

"What!" he cried, "the idiot, the mad fool, actually refuses—yields up all claim! Then the money is hers!"

"By virtue of this little note," said Mr. Burdon, "Miss Weston, allow me to congratulate you upon the inheritance of a splendid fortune."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### EDNA COMES HOME.

Could it be true? It seemed so strange, so unreal, that Edna little in certain flower, as Cyril had so lovingly called her, could scarcely persuade herself that she was awake and not dreaming, although Mr. Burdon—tall, robust and grave—and Edward More, stern, thin and irritable. Like a dream, like a vision, like a vision. Yes, it must be true if they said so, and she, Edna, who had entered that room so poor and helpless and insignificant, would leave it rich beyond her wildest dreams, powerful, and, alas! with too many so-called friends anxiously waiting to pay their debts.

She looked from Aunt Martha, who was crying, to Mr. Burdon, who was beating his right hand with the letter he held in his left, with a questioning, almost terrified gaze; then suddenly her eyes grew dreamy, and a subtle change came over her face—a change that made her look sad, wistful and abstracted.

Of what was she thinking? It was a strange look for so young a girl, with all youth's innocence bloom on her, still more strange for a lady who had just heard of such an accession to wealth. Edward More stopped biting his nails to force a smile, then as she raised her eyes and sighed, he fidgeted forward—the first to pay hom-

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "But—Sir Cyril you cannot have understood me, Burdon," he said, coldly; "I have decided to decline the honor of becoming Miss Weston's suitor."

Mr. Burdon, the hand offering, fell back in his chair and gasped for breath.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "But—Sir Cyril you cannot have understood!"

"Yes, yes," said Cyril, with grim impatience, and a dark cloud settling on his brow.

"I understand that by consenting to marry Miss Weston I take the money with her—or without

us until you get settled? My wife will be delighted to receive you—she half expects you, in fact! It was very questionable whether Mrs. Edward More was conscious of Edna's existence. "We are near town—Richmond, you know—and, you shall be your own mistress. Mrs. Weston—and he swung round sharply to Aunt Martha, who was drying her eyes furtively—"let me enlist you on my side—pray make our house your home until you are settled."

Edna hesitated for a moment only; the longing to be alone—at least, with only Aunt Martha—was too strong upon her to allow of her accepting.

"I think I would rather go back to the hotel at present, thank you," she said, gently.

Edward More nodded and frowned.

"Very good, just so, very natural, perhaps; but you will come and stay with us in a day or two, perhaps, my wife will be very much disappointed unless I take back a promise," then, too, wily to force a refusal, he went on, quickly: "She will be up in town tomorrow, and will call on you; she would have come today, but was suffering from an attack of neuralgia; you will be at home tomorrow? I will come, too, if you will allow me; I may be of service—eh, Burdon?" and he turned his sharp eyes round on Mr. Burdon, who bowed assent.

Edna gave him her hand and thanked him, and Sir Cyril More's brother hurried out of the room.

Mr. Burdon, who had been writing for the last few minutes, looked up with a respectful smile.

"May I offer my services, Miss Weston? I trust there are some few things in which I may be of use to you. It has just occurred to me—it hadn't, for he had thought of it and prepared for it early in the morning—that you might wish to have a little change; it is so convenient in London—and I have got you some ten-pound bank notes. There they are—five hundred pounds, I think you will find," and he smoothed out a packet of crisp paper.

Edna stared and then smiled, but as Mr. Burdon appeared quite serious she took the tempting packet of stationery.

Aunt Martha gasped:

"Five hundred pounds in bank notes, my dear Edna! Why, what shall we do with it?"

"Spend it, my dear madam, spend it!" said Mr. Burdon, rubbing his hands complacently, and added, impressively:

"If you knew the extent of Miss Weston's fortune—I don't myself as yet—you would consider five hundred pounds of as little consequence as five hundred pence. I would have got you more, and will do so now, if you wish it," he said to Edna.

Edna shook her head.

"I do not know what to do with this," she said.

Mr. Burdon waved his hand slightly.

"Would you like to open an account at a bank at once? Perhaps you would? If you will, permit me to accompany you to the bank. I will pay in two thousand pounds to your account; you can then draw by check as you please; that will be the best plan, for the present, perhaps. Afterward you would like to keep a much larger amount easy to get at."

What a dream it seemed!

Edna inclined her head with a faint, puzzled smile that made her look bewitching in her inborn innocence.

"I will do as you advise me," she said; "I do not like to take all this money until—" and she hesitated.

Mr. Burdon smiled.

"I should feel quite pleased to advance you ten times the amount, Miss Weston; we will go to the bank, if you please," and he rang for his hat.

The bank was in Chancery Lane, and Mr. Burdon, conducting the two ladies into the manager's room, placed two thousand pounds to Edna's credit.

"You will have to sign your name in this book, so that the clerks may know your signature," he said. "Just here on this line, if you please."

Edna removed her glove and took the pen in her hand. Mr. Burdon pointed out the exact spot, and she wrote "Edna Weston."

As she raised her pen something in the name seemed to strike her, for she dropped her hand suddenly on the book, causing a blot, and turned very pale.

Mr. Burdon was ready with blotting paper and a reassuring smile.

"It is of no consequence," he said, lightly; "not the slightest; a clerk will scratch it out in a moment, Miss Weston."

When, as Edna still seemed overwhelmed by the accident—for what else could have upset her?—he took the book from before her, and in another minute a clerk had borne it away.

Edna looked after it with a strange, wild look on her face, and seemed about to speak, but Mr. Burdon, evidently attributing her manner to overstrung nerves, interposed.

"Your cab is at the door; this has been a trying morning for you both," and, talking as they went, he escorted them through the bank offices into the street. "There is the check book," he said, handing it to Edna, "and there are the notes for a hundred pounds. I will not tire you with anything further today, but if I may call on you tomorrow—"

Edna nodded her head—she could not speak, and Mr. Burdon closed the door and the cab drove off. During the journey—not a great one—to the hotel, Aunt Martha found vent for her bewilderment in nervous exclamations and tears, but both were lost on the girl leaning back in her own corner, pale and abstracted, her small hands fast clasped together, her heart beating with painful violence.

Arrived at the old-fashioned hotel, Edna escaped to her own room, and there, alone at last, faced her position and held communion with herself. Where had she been hurried?—what had she done?

What name was it she had signed in that book in the bank? What name was it that she ought to have signed? Trembling, she threw herself on her knees beside her bed and hid her face in her hands. What right had she to the name of Edna Weston?—it had gone from her for ever! But had it? Had he not given her name back to her when he left her that afternoon in the churchyard of the old cathedral far away? Had he not yielded her again all that she had bestowed upon him—all the love of her pure, virginal heart, all the trust and truth of her young, unsullied life! Ah, but had he yielded it? Had she ceased to love him when she ceased to trust and believe in him? Where was he now—now that she was rich and powerful? He had said, with happy carelessness, that he was poor and objectless; how well she remembered it! How glad she had felt at the time that it should be so; and now she was rich, rich, immensely, cruelly rich and he—

As she asked herself the question, the same face, with its light-hearted smile, rose before her like a reproachful vision. She was on the threshold of possessing a fortune that was priceless in its capabilities of enjoyment and power, while he was wandering, perhaps poor, and solitary, and friendless.

"No, no," she cried, chokingly, as pride came to her aid, "not solitary, not friendless! He has other friends—fair friends, old friends, who will soon help him to forget the simple girl he despised!"

So she strove to console herself, calling a woman's wounded pride to her aid; but it was of no avail; the handsome face still forced itself through her clasped fingers, and looked reproachfully at her.

"Oh, why—why—did we ever meet? Why did I ever see him, or he me? Why should all this misery come upon us, for he looked miserable as well as me that afternoon—miserable and wretched? Ah, perhaps he was deceiving me then. What did that woman say—that he could act like

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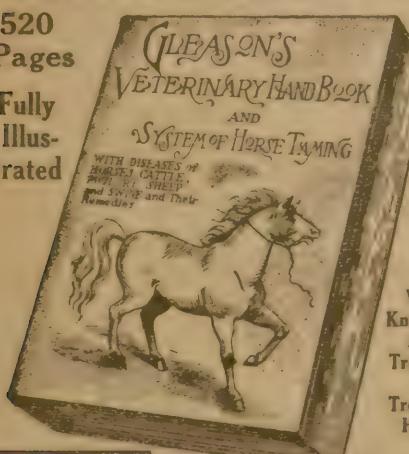
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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

**LAMENESS.**—My yearling colt is sound and all right with the exception of his stifle cap. It slips off to the outside and on at every step. It lames him when he trots or runs. Is there anything that can be done to hold the cap on or to cure the trouble? C. R.

A.—Tie the colt up short in the stable for a month or more and blister the stifle joint and around it with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides (Spanish fly) and three parts of lard; or rub in a stimulating liniment once daily.

**OVERHEATED MULE.**—I have a mule that appears overheated from very little work. He does not sweat at all and pants and blows when at work. L. M. S.

A.—There seems to be no doubt that the mule must have been overheated at some time or another and that being the case he will never be able to work quite comfortably or effectively in hot weather. Work him in the cool of the morning and evening. Shade his head when at work and allow drinking water often. Put a white sheet on the body during working hours. Do not feed corn in summer.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a mule about six years old which has been holding her right forefoot forward for more than a year. At times she seems to be well. She first had scratches, but soon got well. She next had thrush and this lameness followed. When she stands up, or stays on the road she gets better immediately. G. B.

A.—Have oakum, pine tar and a leather pad put under a bar shoe on the lame foot; then clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister twice with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard, at an interval of two weeks.

**LOCO POISONING.**—I had a three-year-old mare. She was not able to lift her feet off the ground to step over doorsills in barn. If a person was in front of her she would rear on her hind feet, paw and strike and fall over on her back, get up, walk of quivering all over. She was this way two weeks before she died. Mrs. H. H.

A.—You have given a good description of a typical case of loco poisoning. The remedy is fifteen to twenty grains of sulphate of aluminum and peruvianate of potash dissolved in water and given as a drench two or three times a day. Keep horses and other animals away from the weed, so far as is possible.

**COW DYING.**—I had a cow die a year ago last spring after calving this spring they produced no milk. Can you tell me what to do for a cow at such a time? (2) Is there anything to put on cows' teats to keep calves from sucking? P. J. O.

A.—You do not give us any information as to the manner in which the pregnant cows are fed and managed, but it seems likely that the chief cause of trouble has been lack of nutritious and succulent or laxative feed. If the cows are well fed on mixed hay, silage or roots, oats, bran and corn and are made to take abundant exercise every day they should not experience trouble at calving time or lack milk for their calves. (2) Put a spiked halter on the calf's head so that the cow will not permit it to nurse.

**BLACKLEG.**—I had a calf die a few days ago. One of its hind legs was swollen from its tip to its hoof and the under side between its knee and body was cracked or scratched and bloody pus discharged. A neighbor lost one the same way last spring. J. C.

A.—You do not state the age of the calf but the symptoms indicated blackleg which is incurable, but preventable by vaccination. Better have the remaining young cattle vaccinated. Any graduate veterinarian can do the work.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a three-year-old mare that was kicked on front of right shoulder eighteen months ago. Part of her shoulder is swollen badly. She is lame and in walking slings her leg in. D. L. McW.

A.—A leg bone may have been fractured, in which case there will be little likelihood of recovery. If that is not the case support the mare with slings for six weeks and during that time bathe the shoulder once daily with a mild liniment, such as a mixture of half an ounce each of aqua ammonia and turpentine and a pint each of extract of witch-hazel and druggist's soap liniment.

**RINGBONE.**—Will you tell me through the columns of your valuable paper the best and quickest way to cure ringbone? R. S. K.

A.—If the ringbone is on a fore pastern unnerving will be necessary; if it is on a hind pastern better have it puncture-fired and blistered by a graduate veterinarian and then tie the mare up short in a stall for six weeks' rest. If you cannot have it fired clip off the hair and blister twice a month for two months with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and one ounce of lard, the mare being kept tied up the while. This may do some good, but there is not certainty as to that, ringbone lameness being difficult to cure.

**UNPROFITABLE.**—I have a Jersey heifer two years old that sucks her tongue and when fed milk feed instead of eating her food she sucks it. She is very bony. Is she worth keeping? Mrs. R. P. R.

A.—We cannot advise you to keep the heifer as she does not prove profitable and besides that the tongue sucking usually indicates some derangement of the digestive organs. Tuberculosis is possibly present, but the tuberculin test would have to be applied to determine that. We know of no cure for the tongue sucking, other than complete feeding and natural living.

**WEAK JOINTS.**—I have a three-year-old colt that has trouble with his pastern joints in his hind feet. Whenever he walks or runs they will fly out of place. It is worse when going up a hill or pulling. A. A.

A.—Commonly it is the stifle joints, at the stifle, that are affected in this way. They are at the stifle, cap or pan of each joint slipping out of place and back again with a snapping noise when the colt walks or trots. Dislocation of the pastern is a much common condition. In either case treatment would consist in absolute rest and a blister applied to the weak joint, or stimulating liniment to be well rubbed in daily.

**BIG HEAD.**—I have a horse about five years old that had blind teeth when he was a colt. They were taken out when he was two years old. Recently one side of his nose has begun to swell and is gradually getting larger all the time.

A.—"Blind" or "wolf" teeth are harmless, never have any ill effect upon the eyes, do not cause big head (osteopetrosis) and need not be removed. The swelling possibly may be associated with cutting of molar teeth just completed in a five-year-old, or to disease of the molar teeth, or to osteopetrosis. A graduate veterinarian will have to make an examination and determine what is wrong as one at a distance cannot make such a decision.

**STIFF LAMENESS.**—I have a three-year-old mule, sixteen hands high, which I am working this year. He does not appear blemished. After standing still and I try to back him up he has some kind of a catch or cramp in both hind legs and cannot raise his feet until he has stepped forward. It is worse in the hind one. I bought him last spring and have been told the mule became tangled in something and kicked until he knocked the skin off of his hind legs. Is it liable to become strangled? (2) What is a good remedy for legs on hogs? (3) I have a sow about one year old which won't weigh over sixty pounds. She eats well and has a good appetite but won't grow. Her excrements are always a diarrhea. L. B. E.

A.—It would appear that the stiiles are affected and the kicking may be the cause, but weakness of the muscles and ligaments of the stiile joint in fast growing colts often causes the patella (knee cap) of the stiile to slip out of place and while out the joint is locked and the leg is thrust backward. We scarcely think there is danger of strangulation in this case, nor does it seem to be chorea (akin to St. Vitus' dance of man). It would be well to rub the stiiles with stimulating liniment twice daily and if that does not suffice blister them with a mixture of one part of powdered Span-

ish dry and three parts of lard. (2) Use a mixture of coal tar dip according to directions given by the maker. It can be bought at any drug-store. (3) It will not pay to bother with such a sow as she is permanently stunted and possibly tubercular.

**QUARTER CRACKS.**—My driving horse, nine years old has quarter cracks and one of the cracks runs to the hair, and it bleeds sometimes when driving him. Is there a cure? O. L. W.

A.—Put on flat bar shoes after cutting away a small semicircular portion of the wall at the ground surface under the crack that runs to the hair. Clip the hair from the hoof-head and have a veterinarian burn a deep line across the crack at its juncture with the hair and on this as a base burn a large V in the skin of the hoof-head, the apex of the V to stand directly at the top of the crack. The V must be lightly burned, with a number of red-hot irons in turn, but on no account must it penetrate the skin. Blister the hoof-head with a fire blister and repeat every three or four weeks until sound horn fills the top of the crack.

**ENLARGED JOINT.**—I have a mare that was cut on one of the front feet by barbed wire. It has healed, but it caused a large joint. O. K.

A.—Swelling in the joint may be slightly decreased by bandaging every time the mare comes into the stable; but it cannot be wholly removed. Treatment other than bandaging, will not be likely to do any good.

**ROG SPavin.**—I have a mare two years old that has a bunch on her left hind leg. The lump is on the front and runs through to the hock joint.

**HAIR.**—The hock fired and blistered and then give six weeks' rest tied up in a stall, if lameness is present. Otherwise you might as well leave the condition alone. Such a mare should not be bred from as tendency to the condition is hereditary.

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# A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## CHAPTER XXI.

IMOGEN'S CONFESSION.

"YOU must excuse me, Mrs. Weston," Mr. Fletcher observed, as he suddenly aroused himself from the absorbing reflections which closed our last chapter, "but your question relating to an enemy awakened a startling train of thought, and I believe that I have finally got hold of a thread which will enable me to unravel this perplexing mystery; if it proves to be the right one, I will tell you later, for, of course, you are deeply interested in this matter as well as I. I have not a doubt that that dear girl in the other room is my daughter, and I feel that I owe you a great deal for your goodness and the careful attention you have bestowed upon her education; she is a little lady, of whom any father or mother has a right to be proud."

"Mr. Fletcher, you owe me nothing," Mrs. Weston responded, while tears dropped thick and fast from her eyes, "for Alice has been a dear daughter to me—she has more than repaid me for all the care and love that I have given her. You must pardon my tears," she added, and trying to smile as she wiped them away, "but, really, I find it quite a wrench to my heartstrings to think that she must be told that I am not her own mother, although I am truly glad and thankful that she can be restored to you. By the way, I have carefully preserved the extension in which she came to us, thinking that possibly it might sometime prove a clew to her identity. The girls have often questioned me about the performances in the top, and I have allowed them to believe they were for the benefit of a pet cat that was transported in it when we moved from Dover to Col. Hamlin's estate. You are welcome to it, if it will be of any assistance to you in fathoming the secrets of the past."

"Thank you; I may require it; if I do, I will come for it. But now I must return immediately to Castleview, for I imagine the judge must be very impatient and wondering what detained me. With your permission, I will look in upon Alice a moment before I go," Mr. Fletcher remarked, as he arose. Then he paused and thoughtfully observed: "Perhaps it will be best not to mention her the subject of our conversation until I am able to learn something more definite. But I will return this afternoon, when we will discuss the matter further."

He passed out into the sitting-room, where Alice, who was really very comfortable, was talking over the recent trial with Will and May.

She greeted Mr. Fletcher with a bright smile, which made him yearn to gather her to his heart and claim her on the spot; but he controlled the impulse and quietly observed:

"I find it is getting late, and I must go home at once; but I am coming to see you again this afternoon. Get all the rest you can, my dear, for you have had a hard tussle in my behalf during the last week, and I am more sorry than I can express to have it terminate so unfortunately for you."

He clasped her hand, then, with sudden impulse, bent down and touched his lips to her forehead in a light caress.

Alice lifted a glance of surprise to him, while a lovely blush mantled her face.

Mr. Fletcher, observing the blush, smiled.

"I will give you a more substantial expression of my gratitude later on," he said, lightly. Then, turning to Will, he inquired if he would ride to Castleview with him.

"Perhaps I ought; what do you say, Mamma Weston?" the young man questioned, and lifting an arch but appealing look to that lady.

She laughed, for she knew that he wanted her permission to remain where he was.

"Yes, I think you may as well run away for a while, for I want Alice to sleep if she can; but you also may come later," she told him.

So the gentlemen took their leave and were soon rolling over the road to Castleview, while Mr. Fletcher confided to Will what he had learned regarding Alice and what he suspected in connection with the author of the great wrong he had sustained.

The young man was amazed. He could scarcely credit what he heard or believe anything so wondrous of Alice, as what Mr. Fletcher surmised.

The woman had always been very kind to him, especially during the years he had spent under the same roof with her at Castleview; and yet he could now recall there had been times when he had felt repelled by her.

On reaching Castleview they were met at the door by Olive, who, although she smiled on Will, had anything but a cheerful welcome home for Mr. Fletcher.

Her face wore a sour and sullen look.

"Oh, hasn't it all been just horrid, papa?" she cried, in an irritable tone, as she mechanically put her lips to be kissed.

"Why, my dear, I certainly expected to receive congratulations instead of complaints," Mr. Fletcher replied, in a disappointed tone, while he studied her face attentively. "And I am sure you will rejoice with me when I tell you that the missing papers are found—that I am honorably acquitted, and my name and reputation unmarred."

"Yes, I know that already, for William and Jack brought the news," the girl returned, but without manifesting the slightest enthusiasm. "Of course, I am glad, but the whole affair has been a dreadful mess anyway, and now, to cap the climax, Aunt Imogen is sick in bed; she was found just after breakfast in a dead faint in her room."

Mr. Fletcher sighed; he was greatly disappointed to find her so selfish and fretful.

"How is your—how is the judge?" he inquired, and involuntarily correcting the form of his speech.

"Oh, he is much better, but awfully impatient to have you come—you were a great while getting here; William and Jack came a long time ago. What kept you?" Olive inquired.

"A little matter that had to be attended to," said Mr. Fletcher, coldly adding, "but I will go directly and tell the judge the result of this morning's revelations."

He ran lightly up-stairs as he spoke, and Will would have followed, but Olive detained him.

"Well," she remarked, with a sneer, as she placed herself in his path, "so our young lawyer in petticoats has come off with flying colors. She has created quite a sensation, hasn't she?"

The young man flushed hotly and a scathing retort arose to his lips; but, putting a strong curb upon himself, he quietly responded:

"Yes, Miss Weston has certainly done herself great honor and won a signal triumph for your—Mr. Fletcher."

"Ha! ha!" the jealous girl laughed, shrilly. "I suppose she will soon be putting out her shingle and aspire to take up cudgels with the smartest lawyers of the realm."

Will's eyes flashed fire, but with icy dignity he remarked, while he looked her straight in the face:

"I think she will never have very much to do with either shingles or cudgels, Olive; but I can vouch for the fact that she will, within a short time, send out some cards and, since they will bear the Marchmont crest, you will hereafter oblige me by speaking more respectfully of the future Lady of Leith."

He did not wait to note the effect of his words, but stepped one side and followed Mr. Fletcher up to Judge Ashburton's room. Olive turned and gazed after him in wide-eyed amazement for a moment, then, cramming her handkerchief into her mouth to stifle the scream of mingled rage and pain that leaped to her throat, she fled to her

own room, and was seen no more that day.

The Judge was very much better this morning, and was sitting up, partially dressed, when Mr. Fletcher entered his room. He greeted his son-in-law with affectionate cordiality, and then eagerly demanded a report of the grand finale of "the case" for no one as yet had been able to explain anything clearly to him. He was greatly astonished, and became considerably excited when he learned how Alice had effected the capture of the thief who stole the papers, and how, upon their presentation in court, they had changed the verdict of the jury and wiped out every suspicion against Mr. Fletcher.

"But how came the man to be on the balcony outside her window? What was he doing there at that hour of the morning?" the judge inquired.

Both Mr. Fletcher and Will looked puzzled.

Amid the various exciting incidents of the morning, they had not once thought to ask the how, why or the wherefore of the burglar's appearance at Castleview.

The Judge's question set Mr. Fletcher to thinking, however.

He suddenly remembered that when Imogen had made her visit to him in jail she had told him that she had her suspicions as to the whereabouts of the stolen documents.

Could it be possible that she had been in league with someone to plunge him into such a precarious situation in order to either wheedle or drive him into a marriage with her?

He recalled how suddenly she had snapped back at him when he had asked her if she took them from his safe, and she had vehemently voiced the very thought that had just occurred to him, and passionately denied it.

He began to think that she had overreached herself in that instance, and that she might have been an accomplice in the robbery, that the man who was that morning arrested with the papers on his person may have paid her a secret visit to confer with her upon the matter, and so been captured after leaving her.

He could not understand why he should have adopted that mode of egress from the house if they had been in league, but the fact that, almost immediately afterward, on returning to her room, Imogen had fainted and was found unconscious, showed that she had sustained a severe shock, and he believed it had been occasioned in some way by the man now under arrest.

He mentioned these circumstances and suspicions to his companions, and, after discussing them at some length, the judge advised that he return to town as soon as practicable, seek an interview with the prisoner, and see what information he could gain from him.

After a refreshing bath, and making some change in his apparel, Mr. Fletcher again ordered the carriage and was driven back to the jail from which he had just been released.

He found the prisoner, whom he had come to visit, in a state of abject fear. He was an arrant coward where his own safety was concerned, in spite of the life he had led, and now, having been caught in the net which he had spread for an other, he realized that a straightforward course would be best, and he made a clean breast of everything, from the hour that he became Imogen Ingraham's tool in Rome down to the present time, including an account of how and when he had stolen the official papers from Castleview.

It was a thrilling and terrible tale to his listener, who rebelled in every fiber of his being against the foul wrong of which he and his daughter had been the unconscious victims for so many years, while he had been harboring in his household the serpent that had thus stung him.

When the man concluded, he begged Mr. Fletcher to save him—to help him to escape conviction and transportation. He wanted to go home to America, he said, with a nervous sob, and would promise never to lift his hand to wrong anyone again if he could go free.

Mr. Fletcher pitied, while at the same time he felt an utter contempt for him. He promised to do what he could to mitigate his condition, although he did not encourage the hope that he would escape all punishment.

After leaving him he again hastened home, for he wished to see Imogen and ascertain when and how she had changed the children on board the steamer.

Reardon had told him that he could not swear that she had effected the exchange, for he had not been an eye-witness to the deed; but he had seen her go on and off the vessel, and in each instance bearing the perforated extension.

Roland Fletcher felt that everything pointed to the exchange, but he must have the confession from the woman's own lips ere he could feel perfectly sure.

He went directly to her room as soon as he entered the house. A maid answered his knock on the door.

"How is Mrs. Ingraham?" he questioned.

"She is more comfortable, sir; she has not had a 'spell' for two hours, now," the girl replied.

"Please say to her that I wish to see her," said her master, briefly.

"Yes, sir," and the maid disappeared.

She was back in a moment.

"She says come in, sir," and she stood aside to let him pass.

Mr. Fletcher motioned her to go out and then closed the door after her, after which he went on to Imogen's chamber. She was in bed, looking white and wretched. Her eyes were sunken and an expression of hopeless misery burned in their dusky depths.

The man went and stood beside her couch, looking down upon her with a gravely determined face.

"I think I may be pardoned this intrusion, in view of the present emergency," he began. "I will not weary you; I have only a question or two to ask, then I will go. I have just come from Windsor jail, and the man who, more than twenty years ago, was your tool in Rome. He has told me the whole story from beginning to end, but there is one fact upon which you alone can throw light—how and when did you succeed in changing those children on board the steamer?"

Imogen's spirit was not quite crushed; her eyes flashed and she began to bridle.

"You are assuming a great deal," she began.

"I am assuming nothing," her companion sternly interposed. "I know that she is your child, born in Rome, January 3, 18—, and christened Helen Farquhar Ingraham on the fifteenth of the same month. More than this," he concluded, with a thrill of exceeding tenderness in his tones, "I have found in changing those children on board the steamer?"

"What!" exclaimed the startled woman, as she sprang to her elbow, while she searched his face with terrified eyes.

"Yes, God be praised! I have found her!" said Mr. Fletcher. "I have identified her by the crosses that I tattooed upon her ankles, and which are as clear and distinct today as if they had been done but yesterday."

"Wha—where—" Imogen gasped, with white lips.

"She has hitherto been known as Alice Weston," Mr. Fletcher went on to explain. "Mrs. Weston has acknowledged to me that she is not her own child—that she was abandoned April 27, 18—, supposedly by a woman whom her husband passed in the road as he was returning to his home from Dover, and who, he believed, had left the babe on the porch of their house, in an extension, the top of which was perforated to admit air. Now, how and when did you manage to effect the exchange on that vessel? That is now the only missing link in the chain of evidence to prove the fact."

Imogen sank back, panting and weak, upon her pillow, and for a moment Mr. Fletcher thought

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



Comfort's  
Information  
Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquirer must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

R. G., Seattle, Wash.—Now that you have your COMFORT telescope, if you will get a chart of the heavens and an ordinary school text book on astronomy—you can get both probably at a second-hand book-store, very cheap—and study upon the subject until you know in a very short time what to look for. In the sky at night, you will gain a great deal of most interesting and useful knowledge, not only through the glass, but by the book and chart. We are glad you are so pleased with the Excelsior. Get the book even if you don't get the chart.

H. W. C., Hunter, La.—In reply to your "Art" question, we may say that paintings are bought by people with money to pay for them in all parts of the world, more, probably, being bought in the United States than anywhere else. We have scarcely space to print a list of buyers of paintings as they are to be found in every corner of the country. Prices range from two dollars to \$200,000 and more; a half a million we think being the highest price paid in this country for one painting. Letters addressed to Museum of Art, in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington, or any of the large cities would reach, as all of them have art galleries of some grade or other.

I. M. D., Burkeville, Va.—Marriage between white and colored people is prohibited and punishable in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and the two Virginias. In other states it is not, though there are very few such marriages.

C. C., Brownville, N. Y.—To become a rural free delivery carrier you must be of good character, have a good English education and pass the necessary Civil Service examination. You do not receive appointment from the New York state government, but the National government, and you should write to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. for detailed information.

C. A., Crawford, Texas.—The capital of Holland is The Hague, or in Dutch, Den Haag, or is Graven Haag, meaning the Count's Haw, or garden, it being originally the lodge, or dwelling, of the Counts of Holland. The name is often called Hague, but The Hague is what it should be called.

J. S. K., Paint Rock, Ala.—Some Confederate soldiers may have received discharges at the close of the Civil War, but at the last, there was no longer any government to grant such papers and naturally they could not get them. Ask some of the old Confederates in your neighborhood how about it.

Inquisitive, Ovid, N. Y.—COMFORT knows a great deal, but thus far it has not learned whether the stars and planets are inhabited or not, nor what kind of people live there, if any. Mars shows lines that resemble canals, but whether they are not known. The reason there are no mermaids in Zoids is that there are no mermaids now living, and never existed except in fable.

V. S. S., Sloan, N. Y.—A name must be the one a person is known by and does business under, and it may not be the same that he was born with and christened by. Persons may have their natural names changed by law, while many without legal change are known by assumed names, especially theatrical people and authors. The post-office authorities very often decline to deliver mail to fictitious addresses, and always, unless they know good reasons why it should be delivered.

C. B., Gillett, N. C.—You will find the reliable advertisers you are seeking by examining the advertising columns of COMFORT. You don't read very carefully one of the most interesting departments of COMFORT or you would not have asked the question you did. Study COMFORT's advertising columns if you want to learn valuable information. (2) Calcium carbide is made by the action of electricity on lime, but you can't make it. You can buy it in ton lots if you want that much.

S. A. B., Caldwell, Texas.—A manager's secretary usually must know stenography, though some few have duties which do not require such knowledge.

C. B. D., Fort Caswell, N. C.—So far there are no records discovered which settle definitely what people first settled in what is now America, nor whence they came, or how. The general belief is that they were of Mongolian or other Asiatic extraction. Haven't you an encyclopedia in our town from which you could get much matter in detail on this subject? If there is not, the town should buy one and place it in the public school library.

W. T. S., Macon, Georgia.—There is always a dearth of farm labor in the West during harvesting and good men can get good pay and plenty to do, but we think hardly as much as three dollars a day, unless for a few days in the cities and want to get back to the farm. If you will go West and show yourself intelligent and capable, sober and industrious, you can get permanent work and before a great while, either rent or own a farm. The farmer of good habits and new methods is sure to be independent, even if he doesn't become a millionaire.

M. H. K.—Perfumes of all kinds, very good





## Four Wheel Chairs in June 288 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four June wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Ownna Hudson, Cliffside, N. C., 160; Mr. F. L. Potts, Floresville, Texas, 105; Thelma Lucile Leeman, Kermitt, Texas, 98; Mrs. Carrie Granger, Marathon, Texas, 96.

Ownna Hudson is bright little girl seven years of age who has been paralyzed from her hips down for nearly three years. Her wheel chair will be a great source of pleasure to this patient little sufferer in enabling her to get out in the fresh air and sunshine once more, also a great help to her good mother in caring for her. This poor woman's health is breaking down in consequence of lifting her helpless daughter so much besides doing the housework and taking care of a large family. These cases of little cripples who are deprived of all the joys of childhood and cannot go to school to get an education, with nothing to look forward to in life but helplessness and dependence on others are sad and touching indeed. We have a number of them on our list. Don't you want to get a few subscriptions and send in to help supply these child cripples with much needed wheel chairs?

Mr. F. L. Potts is a great sufferer from rheumatism which has crippled him and kept him in his room the last four years and much of the time in bed. His friend, Z. C. McNeil, who got 88 out of the total of 105 subscriptions for him, writes that Mr. Potts is much in need of a wheel chair and that it will be a great benefit to him.

Thelma Lucile Leeman is only five years old and has been crippled and totally helpless from infancy, not only in all her limbs but also in her organs of speech, so that she cannot talk. She does not even have a mother's care but lives with her grandparents.

Mrs. Carrie Granger has suffered severely from rheumatism the last two years, resulting in a stiff knee joint. With much difficulty she gets about the house a little by the help of a crutch, but she wants and is in great need of a wheel chair.

You notice that three of the four wheel chairs for June go to Texas, but it is not a case of favoritism; the Texas people earned them all by getting the subscriptions for them. People in other localities could do the same for their shut-in friends if they took the same interest and bestirred themselves. There ought to be three wheel chairs earned in each State every month.

Don't let your interest in the Wheel-Chair Club drop off just because the weather is getting warm; remember that in the summer heat the poor shut-ins suffer most for want of wheel chairs to get them out into the open air.

You will be interested in the letters of thanks and Roll of Honor that follow.

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to those worthy, destitute, crippled Sis-in and pay the freight, too. If I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

His COMFORT Wheel Chair Is a Great Blessing  
Though He Can't Live Long to Enjoy It

STRONG CITY, OKLA.

Mr. W. H. GANNETT: DEAR FRIEND—My father, Mr. J. W. Noite, has received his wheel-chair all safe. It is an excellent present for him. He has been enjoying it long for the reason that he cannot live more than a few weeks at the most. The chair has already been a great blessing and comfort to him. He can't breathe while lying down so he must sit in his chair all the time.

With the aid of his chair, he can be moved about in the house and even taken out into the sunshine when the weather is fair.

He is very thankful to you and all who helped to secure the chair for him. He would like to thank you with his own hand but is not able.

Very gratefully yours,  
MRS. ROSA NEWKIRK.

Got the Wheel Chair Sooner than Expected.

DALLAS CITY, ILL.

UNCLE CHARLIE: We were very much pleased and also surprised to receive the wheel chair for Harry Martin for we did not think we had enough subs. to get it yet. We surely appreciate your kindness and he says he is sure to do it. He calls me "Goody Burr" for getting it for him. I will do all I can for the chair department.

May God bless you and Mr. Gannett in this good work. I remain, a COMFORT worker,

MRS. O. H. BURR.

Thanks and Appreciation for Comfort Wheel Chair

DUNELLEN, N. J.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: As my wife is not able to write to you I will show my appreciation for the chair by answering your letter.

My mother through her energies secured the chair for us, and was a complete surprise to me. It is certainly satisfactory, and believe me, I have more than sympathy for everyone who must use them. Thanking you for the great favor, I beg to remain,

Yours truly, C. W. FENNER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Alba, Scott, W. Va.—A lady may say anything pleasant she pleases to the gentleman who makes her a present. A lady, who cannot say something nice on such an occasion without told what to say, does not deserve a present.

T. K., Palestine, Ill.—As a story writer who receives good money for his stories, we should think you could manipulate your own story better than to lose the heroine as you seem to have done. However, you have two more years before graduation and if you will forget the girl until you are graduated, she may recall herself to you when she sees you with "B. A." to your name. Anyway, with this grief gnawing at your heart you should be able to write a "gripping story," for which editors always pay.

E. R. E., Toulie, Wash.—You ask which side of the road is it proper for the gentleman to walk on when he takes a lady walking and we reply with confidence that he should walk on the same side that she is on. Don't they always do that in your town? (2) It was quite proper for you to escort the lady home from the dance, even though you had not met her before. Now that you know her, don't let her go to a dance again unattended, so you will be sure of taking her home.

Subscriber, Carlsbad, N. M.—On a salary of \$800 to \$900 a year, a young man, engaged to be married and with a little money ahead, might invest as much as \$100 in an engagement ring, if he got it at a reasonable profit to the jeweler. A good diamond ring has many times served as collateral for an emergency loan. A very neat little stone may be had for as low as twenty-five dollars, but it is not much of an investment. Possibly, however, the less expensive ring would be more appropriate to your social surroundings and the bride would prefer a stone of twenty-five dollars saved for more necessary articles. Talk it over with your girl and not make any bluf that a hundred dollars will do nothing to you, when your wife to be is concerned.

It is a whole lot, as you will begin to discover by and by, for you write like a level-headed young fellow. As to your difference in religion, that is a different matter. Baptists are nearly as "sot in their ways" as Catholics are, and we think it is better that neither of you ask the other to give up your religion, —your denomination, rather, for true religion is the same under any name—but to have a complete understanding of what concessions each will make before you marry. Indeed, you, the man, will have concessions to make before you marry, because a Protestant cannot marry a Catholic, regularly, that is by a priest, unless a dispensation is made. If the girl in this instance has sufficiently modern ideas to believe that a marriage is just as much a marriage whether the ceremony is performed by a priest, a Baptist clergyman, or a civil magistrate, you need not make any religious concessions, but you cannot be married by a priest. There are numerous harmonious marriages between persons of differing religious beliefs, but such marriages always call for extra risks. Whatever happens, don't marry until a perfect understanding is established. It may seem unsentimental to begin to get to the practical side of things at the very start, but it is the practical, not the sentimental, that counts most after marriage.

E. K., Lowden, Ia.—In using only one initial or a name for ring, or any other purpose, the initial of the last name should be used.

Baby, Kingston Springs, Tenn.—If there is no objection to the man except his nationality and you like him, you are very foolish to give him up as a friend, because of the narrow prejudices of your Know Nothing community. This is an age of progress and it doesn't all begin at home, either.

School Girl, Carlsbad, N. M.—The practise some people indulge in of calling another on the phone and having a supposedly private talk, at the same time having several acquaintances to hear the talk is not only bad manners, but is very nearly dishonorable. Still many look upon it as a joke and continue it. In our opinion the sufferer by such a betrayal, man or woman, would be justified in calling it an unfriendly act and having nothing more to do with the offender. It would not require many such penalties to educate social sentiment to the point that the bad would be put upon such joking and it would be classed with listening at keyholes and similar eaves-dropping.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

W ELL, my dears, June has gone and I wonder how many of you listened to the June birds sing and this time next June you will be old married ladies who have too much else to think about than to listen

for June birds to sing. But you should, just the same, whether you are married or not, because the June time is the happy time of the year both to the married and the unmarried and nobody should ever miss the enjoyment of it. But July? Well July is too warm to enjoy anything much except fans and shady nooks and ice cream. And of these, I hope you will have all you want. It's no time for work, either, but I have mine to do, so I'll stop talking and get at it.

The first letter I open is from Brown Eyes of Rowlesburg, W. Va., who is in great trouble because the young man she met in January and corresponded with has married some other girl. She also wants to know how to reduce her weight. I never tried the remedy, but I should think grief over the loss of this heartless young man would soon make her thin. I advise her to

stop talking and get at it.

Perplexed, Unicoi, Tenn.—Of course, don't marry a feeble, old man forty years your senior and as poor as you are. Only rich old men should marry young girls.

As for the young man you think loves you though he hasn't made any attempt towards corresponding with

you, don't bother about him until he does make the attempt. Apparently he isn't bothering much about you.

Broken-hearted, Virona, N. Dak.—Why break your heart over a man who cares so little for you that he breaks the engagement merely because you went out with another man one evening to please your brother and would listen to no explanations. It may hurt now, but by and by, my dear, you will be glad enough that you found out what kind of a man he was before it was too late.

Sue, Cedarville, Mich.—As you did not return the present when you received it, doing so now will show more respect than the returning of the property. If your quarrel extends to the returning of letters, you may include the present with the letters you send back to him, P. S. Why do you spell the name of your post-office?

G. A. S., Great Falls, Mont.—One good thing the drinking gambling man has done is to stop your marrying him who you didn't love or want, but whom your parents wanted you to marry. But that is not enough to warrant your marrying the other man, even though he has been drunk only once since you and he became friends. Don't be in a hurry. If he will stay sober a couple of years and do no gambling in that time, you might risk marrying him, but I would not guarantee it.

Happy, Golconda, Ill.—It is quite proper to be good friends with all the nice boys, but have no "steady" until you are out of school. Books and books don't agree.

Anemone, Detroit, Mich.—As far as you and I know the young man is all right, and as you are in no hurry to marry, which is wise, I think you and he simply stand fast in your faith in each other and bide your time, parental objection will be removed and you will enter into your reward. As an engraver he will have work that is worth while and you can help him if you will read and study along the lines of his work and be a companion and helper to him in it.

Forget-me-not, Pine Hill, Va.—Very many young ladies and some older ones who are inclined to want the attention of men do not always act in what is called the ladylike manner and sometimes they act quite indiscretely, though they do not often go too far for respectability. Their example is not to be followed, no matter how popular they may be with men and if I owned a home I certainly never should invite them into it, even if I were polite to them when meeting them elsewhere. Such women without really meaning any harm, very often

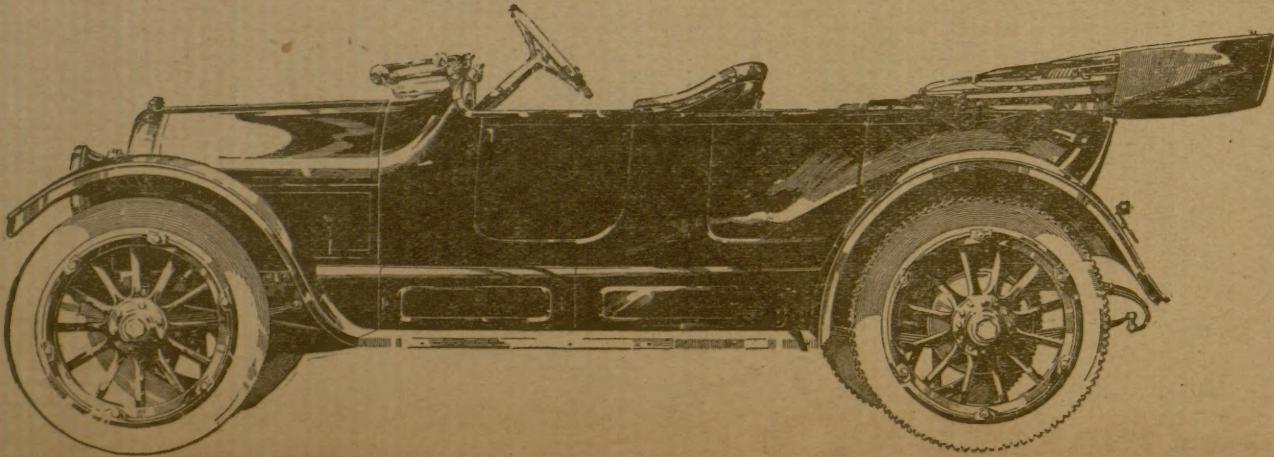


*Overland*  
TRADE MARK REG.

**\$750**

Model 83 f. o. b. Toledo  
Roadster - \$725

This is the largest 4-cylinder Overland  
that will be produced this year



## The Newest Overland **\$325 Less Than Last Year**

The 1916 Overland is in many particulars the same as the 1915 Overland—the famous Model 80 that sold for \$1075.

But the price is \$325 less.

It has the same beautifully curved cowl and pure stream-line body design.

It has the same magnificent finish; that deep, rich tone of dark Brewster green with fine hair-line striping of clear ivory-white.

It has the same powerful, economical thirty-five horsepower, four-cylinder motor, but weighs less.

It has the same underslung rear springs. Electrical control buttons are again conveniently arranged on the steering column.

It has the same easy-working clutch which any woman can operate; the same "easy-to-

handle" shifting levers; the same "easy-to-steer-with" wheel; the same positive brakes.

It has 33" x 4" tires which is unusual on a car at this price.

In detail, finish, mechanical fineness, comforts and conveniences; this newest Overland gives you all there was in the \$1075 Overland and even more power.

And it costs you but \$750—\$325 less than last season's large 35 horsepower Overland.

Deliveries are being made now all over the country.

Every Overland dealer already has a waiting list.

Place your order immediately and you can be sure of a speedy delivery.

### Specifications:

35 Horsepower motor  
High-tension magneto  
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Underslung rear springs  
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Demountable rims;  
with one extra

Electric starting and  
lighting system  
Headlight dimmers  
Rain-vision, ventilating  
type, built-in windshield

Instrument board on  
cowl dash  
Left-hand drive,  
center control  
One-man top; top cover  
Magnetic speedometer

*Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 346.*

**The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio**

New Models Now on Display at the Panama Pacific Exposition

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